

# WILD WEST



A MAGAZINE CONTAINING STORIES, SKETCHES, ETC. OF WESTERN LIFE.

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## YOUNG WILD WEST'S BEST SHOT!

### OR, THE RESCUE OF ARIETTA.

*By AN OLD SCOUT.*

*AND OTHER STORIES*



The chief fired two shots, but both of them missed. Wild was just in his element now. He answered by shooting the red fiend in the wrist and causing him to drop his revolver. Then as Eagle Wing sprang towards him with uplifted knife he sent a bullet crashing through his head.





# WILD WEST WEEKLY

*A Magazine Containing Stories, Sketches, Etc., of Western Life*

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## YOUNG WILD WEST'S BEST SHOT

— OR —

### THE RESCUE OF ARIETTA

By AN OLD SCOUT

#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE SHOOTING AFFRAY.

"Whoop her up, boys! I'm a ring-tailed roarer from Yuba Dam, an' any one that won't drink with me might as well git measured for a pine box! Order your medicine, an' if there ain't glasses enough on ther bar to go 'round, why, drink out of ther bottles!"

A tall, raw-boned man, with shiny black eyes and straight, black hair, stood at the bar of Brown's Gazoo, in the hustling little town of Weston.

The place was literally packed with men, about twenty of whom were strangers and the rest being the miners who lived in the town.

The man who called himself a ring-tailed roarer from Yuba Dam was certainly not a person who possessed any of the quality known as good looks, and the score of men who had ridden into the town with him were fixed about the same way.

They looked more like a band of outlaws than anything else, though some of them appeared to be good-natured enough.

A close observer would have noticed that there were half-breeds among them. The leader himself, in fact, was one of them.

He went by the name of Dancing Dick, because he could not dance a single step in a jig to save his life.

But he thought he could, and woe to the man who told him that he could not.

Lead would fly right away, then; so those who knew him generally humored him to his heart's content, and those who did not seldom interfered with him, unless he interfered with them first.

The fellow scanned the crowd closely, and when he saw that no one had refused his invitation, he raised his own glass to his lips and drank its contents at a single gulp.

"That's ther way to do it, yer thirsty coyotes!" he exclaimed, as the glasses were placed on the bar. "Now, bartender, just duplicate that dose, an' remember that I'm a ring-tailed roarer from Yuba Dam!"

At this juncture four newcomers walked into the place.

They were Young Wild West, Cheyenne Charlie, Jim Dart and Jack Robedee, four chums.

The one called Young Wild West certainly made a dashing appearance as he entered.

He wore a new pair of buckskin breeches, trimmed with sweet fringe down the outside seams, and a white silk shirt, embroidered with scarlet. A neckerchief of red silk was loosely tucked about his neck, and about his waist was a belt of the best leather that could be obtained.

Fast to the belt were a sheath and a pair of holsters.

These things had just what they were intended for thrust into them—a pair of Colt's revolvers and a buckhorn-handle hunting-knife.

But that was not all that was suspended from the belt. A plain watch chain of solid gold, with a locket attached, was there, one end fast to the buckle of the belt and the other attached to a hunting case watch in the pocket of the buckskin breeches.

The hat he wore was of a light color, with a black band and narrow gold cord around it. The brim was wide and slightly thrown upward on the front near the left temple.

This dashing-looking rig had been selected by the handsome young fellow's pretty sweetheart, Arietta Murdock.

Wild's three companions were attired in a similar manner, and as they walked into the crowded barroom the man who called himself a ring-tailed roarer from Yuba Dam looked at them in something like surprise.

"Jumpin' catamounts!" he cried. "Step up here, strangers, an' liquor up, an' when you drink be careful that you don't spill any of ther stuff on your clothes an' muss them. Name ther pizen yer want, now!"

Young Wild West sized the man up in the twinkling of an eye and concluded to humor him.

He called for a drink and his three friends followed suit.

"Here's health, Mr. —," said Wild.

"Dancing Dick are iny name," spoke up the man, thrusting out his chest with a show of pride. "I'm a ring-tailed roarer from Yuba Dam, I am!"

"Glad to make your acquaintance, sir."

"I kin outride, outshoot, outcuss an' outdance anything north of ther Rio Grande. What mought your name be, young feller?"

"Oh, I have to go under the name of Young Wild West, because I never had any other."

"Ther thunder yer say!" and Dancing Dick exhibited genuine signs of surprise. "I've hearn tell of yer, Mr. West, an' I've always felt that I'd like to meet yer. They do say that you are putty soon with a hoss an' a gun. Could yer draw a gun as quiek as this?"

The big half-breed undertook to show off his quickness by suddenly covering Wild with his revolver, but before he got the muzzle pointed up from the ground he found himself staring into one that was right on a line with the tip of his nose.

A hoarse murmur of admiration went up from the gathering of rough-looking men of the border.

Young Wild West had made the quickest move they had ever seen.

There was a look of half fear, half surprise on the face of



Dancing Dick as he glared at the boy who had so neatly downed him at his own trick.

"You are about as soon as they make 'em, ain't yer?" he observed as he put his revolver back in his belt. "Bartender, give us another drink. Set 'em up for all hands, an' move lively!"

Wild said that he would take a smoke this time, and, contrary to his usual style, the half-breed did not insist that he should drink.

He had been taken down a peg or two, and there was no one who knew this better than himself.

The motley crowd that constituted his followers now paid considerable attention to Young Wild West and his three friends.

They were probably wondering if the rest of the fancy-dressed quartet were anything like their young leader.

Some of them felt that they ought to find out.

The only way to do this would be to start a row.

Presently the band of border ruffians—for they were nothing else—went outside.

The residents of Weston naturally followed them, curious to see what they would do.

The band had put away considerable whisky since they arrived in town, and they were now pretty well under the influence of it.

At a word from Dancing Dick, they mounted their mustang ponies and began riding up and down the street, yelling like a gang of wild Indians.

They began shooting off their revolvers and acting in a very reckless manner.

Pretty soon one of the riders, who had been eyeing Cheyenne Charlie pretty sharply, sent a bullet so close to his ear that the scout could hear it sing in its flight.

The bullet went through the open door of the saloon and smashed a bottle behind the bar.

Cheyenne Charlie was anything but a coward.

A braver man never drew the breath of life.

He knew that the fellow fired the shot just for the purpose of picking a muss.

He also knew that a very nasty fight would follow if he resented the insult.

Lives would be lost. That was a certainty.

So he appeared not to notice it, though there was a dangerous glitter in his eyes.

He moved his position slightly, and then stood there, apparently an interested spectator.

Twice more the reckless gang galloped up and down the street.

Then they came to a halt in front of the saloon again and the man let another bullet fly just over the head of Charlie.

The report of the revolver had scarcely died out when the scout sent an answering shot.

His bullet passed through the crown of the reckless rider's hat!

Instantly he dismounted.

"What do yer mean?" he demanded, facing Cheyenne Charlie.

Young Wild West quickly stepped forward.

"Gentlemen," said he calmly, "I hope we won't have any trouble. You are welcome to stay in Weston and enjoy yourselves, but please don't begin to firing at our citizens, just for fun. We are apt to resent that sort of work, you know, and then there is bound to be trouble."

"All ther firin' we've done, has been done for a joke," answered Dancing Dick.

"Yes, an' if any one says that I fired at him on purpose, he's a liar," spoke up the fellow who had dismounted.

"I haven't said that you fired at me on purpose," retorted Cheyenne Charlie, "but I'll say that I think you did. Now, if you undertake to do it again, whether it's on purpose or not, I'll bore you so full of holes that you kin be used for a sieve! I hope you thoroughly understand me."

"I reckon I do," was the reply. "I see now that you are made out of ther right sort of stuff, like Young Wild West is. There's nothin' like satisfyin' yerself."

It now struck Wild that the only way to deal with the men was to put on a bold front.

"Oh, I guess you'll find us all right at anything goin'," he remarked with a coolness that surprised them. "If you people came here for the purpose of starting a row, why, just open up your game!"

"We didn't come here for no row," retorted Dancing Dick. "We just dropped into town accidentally. A gang of about

two hundred Sioux Indians chased us to the mountains, an' we took ther first road we come across an' fetched up here."

The ring-tailed roarer from Yuba Dam was getting just a trifle uneasy now.

He not only saw that our four friends were ready to make things interesting, but he noticed that more than one of the miners standing about had drawn their revolvers.

But the tough who had tried to pick a muss with Cheyenne Charlie was not satisfied to allow matters to quiet down.

He still stood facing Charlie, and both had their hands on their guns.

"I'm Rattlesnake Rip from the Bad Lands!" he exclaimed, "an' I never take wafer from nobody!"

He jumped back as he said this, and out came his revolver.

Crack!

Cheyenne Charlie hardly expected that the fellow was going to open fire on him, but when a bullet cut a lock of hair from his head and buried itself in a stoop post of the Gazoo he was satisfied that Rattlesnake meant business.

"Get out of range of the other fellows!" roared Charlie, and then as the villain obeyed he opened fire on him.

Crack! crack! crack!

The weapons of both men began popping away and the bullets flew around like hail.

It soon became evident that neither of the men were trying to inflict a mortal wound.

But Cheyenne Charlie did not intend that the fight should proceed very long.

"Look out for yourself now!" he called out. "I am going to drop you!"

A bullet grazed his ear the instant the words left his lips.

That one was meant to wind up the business.

Cheyenne Charlie let go a quick one, and down went the man from the Bad Lands in a heap.

The bullet had severed his jugular vein, and it would soon be over with him.

As this thing occurred the gang on horseback began to ride in a circle and the residents scattered around, keeping on a continual move.

Each man had at least one revolver out for instant use.

Rattlesnake Rip had been successful in starting a shooting affray, but had failed to live to see the ending.

The mixed band of villains opened fire and the miners answered it.

For five minutes the bullets flew in a steady rain and then the band galloped from the spot.

But they left six of their number behind, and as the miners lost four men, ten lives were snuffed out on account of the recklessness of one man.

Young Wild West had two bullet holes in his fancy new hat; Cheyenne Charlie had a bleeding ear; Jim Dart had the end of his little finger on his left hand shot off and Jack Robedee had been shot through the fleshy part of his left arm.

Other damage had been done, but that was all our friends had received in the rumpus.

Several of the miners were wounded, too, but all were satisfied at the result.

The undertaker was sent for, and the dead were turned over to him.

This man was growing rich very fast.

It was the rule in Weston that all the pay he was to receive for burying a man was what was to be found on the body, in case the said man died with his boots on.

Sometimes, when business was bad, the undertaker would start up a muss with some objectionable character and shoot him, just for the sake of getting the job to bury him.

But let us follow Dancing Dick and his band and see what they were up to.

They rode out of Weston about two miles and then came to a halt and went into camp.

The spot they had selected for this purpose was just what was needed, as there was a spring of water close by and plenty of rich grass for the horses.

"They kinder made it warm for us," observed Dancing Dick, as he rubbed his cheek where a bullet had grazed it and brought the blood.

"You are right," retorted Mountain Joe, who was second in command of the gang.

"We will need about a hundred good men to raid the town, I reckon."

"Yes, easily that many."

"So we'll have to git ther Injuns to help us out."

"Kin we git 'em?"



"Sure! All's we have got to do is to agree to turn half the run over to 'em. They'll be willin' enough to do it."

"That's so," and Mountain Joe nodded to show that he really believed it.

"Well, let's git ther wounded fixed up. I guess ther men from ther town won't bother us here."

"No. We ain't on ther line of ther road, anyhow, an' if we was, they'd let us be, so long as we didn't bother them."

Dancing Dick went around among the fourteen men he had left and found that none of them were wounded seriously.

But he shook his head as he thought of the red-hot time they had passed through.

"That Young Wild West is ther greatest feller I ever seen!" he muttered.

The villain had lied when he said he had been chased to the mountains by the Sioux.

He had met a large band of Indians, but as his band was made up entirely of renegades, they were on friendly terms with them.

Dancing Dick had heard what a thriving little town Weston was getting to be, and he had come there for the sole purpose of making a raid on it.

But there were more people there than he had an idea of, and they were such a lot of fighters that he found out that it would take a much bigger crowd than his to do the job of raiding it.

So he was going to get the Indians, who were on the war-path, to help him.

And even then the raid would have to be made in the night, when the inhabitants were not expecting such a thing to take place.

It was Dancing Dick's plan to set fire to a number of buildings at the outskirts, and then, while the people flocked to extinguish the flames, his men were to raid the bank, post-office and other buildings.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BALLOON AND THE GAME OF EUCHRE.

The morning following the shooting affray, Young Wild West and Jim Dart started for the office of the Wild West Mining and Improvement Company, as usual.

While they were walking along they heard a shot fired far above them and off to the right.

They looked all around them, but could see no signs of where it came from.

Again they heard a shot, and then as Wild happened to look toward the sky, he saw a balloon.

"A balloon, Jim!" he cried, in astonishment. "That is the second one I ever saw. By jove! There are two people in the basket, and they act as though they are in trouble."

"I wouldn't be surprised if they are in trouble," Jim replied. He had never seen a balloon before, and his idea of them was that they were dangerous in the extreme.

The huge silken bag was about two hundred feet above the earth, and was being carried along directly to a point over the heads of the two boys.

"What is the matter up there?" shouted Wild.

"We want to descend here, and can't," came the reply. "The safety valve is out of order."

"Well, I wish we could help you, but I don't see what we can do."

"Run to the ridge over there. We are going to strike the trees, and you may be able to save us," came from the balloon.

Young Wild West and Jim glanced in the direction indicated, and saw that unless the wind changed suddenly the aeronauts would certainly fetch up in the trees.

And that meant that their lives would be in danger.

"Let's get over there," said Wild, and then the two started on a run for the place.

Up the uneven ascent they hastened, but as fast as they were, the balloon got there ahead of them.

The inflated bag of silk bag struck the branches of an oak and rebounded back like a rubber ball.

Then it settled against them, and the netting became entangled in the limbs.

When the basket was tipped away over, the two occupants were not thrown out.

"That was a lucky strike for them," gasped Jim. "See! they appear to be taking it very cool, now."

A white-haired old man, with a smooth-shaven face, and a younger man, with a blond beard, were peering out of the basket at them, evidently waiting for them to get near enough to converse with.

Half a minute later Wild and Jim were within a hundred yards of the foot of the tree.

"Get a long rope and half a dozen men!" cried the old man. "I want to save my balloon, if possible."

"All right," answered Wild, and then noticing that Cheyenne Charlie, Jack Robedee and a dozen more men had seen the flight of the air-voyagers to the tree, and were coming that way at a double-quick pace, he ran to meet them and told them what was needed.

A miner ran after a rope, and in five minutes he was back on the scene with it.

"One of you please climb up here and make it fast to the basket," said the old man, who now appeared to be elated. "I will pay you for all the trouble you go to."

Young Wild West promptly took the end of the rope and climbed up the tree.

He was very active, and soon reached the aeronauts.

"Make it fast, now! Make it fast!" exclaimed the blond man. "We may as well save the old thing, being that we have got this far on the way with it. Get in, young man; it will make it easier to haul us down, then."

Aerial navigation was entirely out of the line of Young Wild West, but he did not hesitate to get in, for all that.

He knew that the more weight there was in the basket the easier the balloon could be made to descend.

He also knew exactly what should be done, so he called out to the men to pull away.

There were enough men at the other end of the rope to tow the balloon where they pleased, and when they tightened up on it the bag became disentangled from the branches.

"All together, now!" exclaimed Cheyenne Charlie, who was enjoying the novelty of the thing. "We are givin' Wild ther greatest ride he ever had."

The rope kept the basket in anything but its proper position, so the three inside were compelled to hold on to keep from being dumped out.

The miners had the thing going good now, and they started on a run.

They wanted to get it in a wide open space.

But suddenly something happened that they were not prepared for.

The rope parted in about the center of the stretch, and in a confused jumble the men fell to the ground.

But that was not all that happened. The sudden release of the balloon caused it to shoot upward with the speed of a rocket, and as the basket righted up with a jerk the blond man was thrown headlong from it.

Up went the silken bag, with Young Wild West and the old aeronaut holding on for their lives.

The other fellow landed in a confused heap upon the ground, but beyond a few bruises he was not hurt.

"We are lost now, for sure!" groaned the white-haired man, as the balloon shot high into the air and cleared the top of the tree it had caught in before.

Wild's face had turned pale, but he had not given himself up for lost—not by any means.

"You said the safety valve was broken, didn't you?" he said to his companion in distress.

"Yes," was the reply, "the cord broke right off close to it."

"Isn't there no other way to let the gas out and make the thing go down?"

"No."

"How about shooting a hole in it?"

"That might cause the balloon to explode, and if it did it would be ruined and we might lose our lives. Oh, why was Jenkins so foolish as to tumble out? With his weight in here we would soon settle down to the ground."

Young Wild West, who had now fully regained his composure, saw that they were making northward almost as fast as a horse could run.

"What became of your grapnel—didn't you have one?" he asked.

"Yes; we have one. But the line broke shortly before you saw us. The grapnel caught in a bunch of rocks, and the sudden jerk that followed caused the line to break."

"Well, we are going to strike about a mile from here. We are heading straight for that little peak over there. If we only had a grapnel, now, we'd be all right."



Wild talked this way to the man, though he had already decided upon a plan of action.

As soon as they got a little nearer to the ground he meant to shoot a hole into the silk bag.

If the balloon was ruined by it, it would have to be ruined.

That is the way he figured it.

He was not going to be whirled through the air until the crazy think took a notion to come down and deposit them into the midst of some vast wilderness, or else kill them outright in the descent.

"What is your name, sir?" asked Wild, keeping his eye on the peak they were aliming directly for.

"I am Professor Griggs," was the reply. "I came out West in the interest of science."

"Well, professor, my name is West. I am a pretty good shot with the revolver, and I am going to show you just what I can do in a minute."

"What are you going to shoot at?"

"Do you see that high ground we are rapidly nearing?"

"Yes."

"Well, when we get there, I'll show you."

"Are you going to try to attract the attention of any one, so they can render us assistance?"

"I'll show you in a minute. Just wait."

The professor kept his eyes on the peak, trying hard to find out what the young fellow was going to shoot at.

They were now nearly directly over it and not over fifty feet above it.

Wild leaned out of the car as though he was going to shoot downward, but throwing his arm upward suddenly, shot a hole through the balloon.

Instantly the sound of escaping gas could be heard, and a cry that was half from rage, half from fear, came from the lips of the professor.

The balloon began to settle gradually.

When they were within ten feet of the ground the bag collapsed with a bang, and they landed with a jar that nearly took their breath away.

Much to his astonishment, the professor jumped to his feet and faced Wild with flashing eyes.

"I'll make you pay for the damage you have done to my balloon," he shouted angrily.

"Calm yourself, my dear sir," was the reply. "I want you to understand that I value my life much more than you do your old balloon."

"But you didn't tell me what you were going to do!" shrieked the professor.

"You told me you didn't want a hole shot through the balloon; that is the reason I never told you."

"You had no business to deceive me."

"See here! At how much did you value your balloon?"

"I wouldn't have sold it for ten thousand dollars."

"Well, I wouldn't sell my life for ten thousand dollars. I felt that it was either your balloon or my life, and I shot. I didn't count you in at all, for it struck me right away that you were a crazy man who did not know exactly what he was living for. Now, just quiet down a bit, will you? We will go back home, if you want to; and if you don't want to, why I'll go alone."

The professor, who was still very much nettled, was about to make some angry retort, when half a dozen men appeared on the scene as if by magic.

Each one of them had a revolver in his hand, and the two found that they were covered.

"Ha! ha! ha! Young Wild West, I have caught yer napping, have I?" said the voice of Dancing Dick. "Now, then, if yer move hand or foot I'll let daylight through yer!"

The balloon had landed near the camp of the renegades, and the loud talking of the professor had attracted the villains to the spot.

Young Wild West was as much surprised at that moment as he had ever been in his life.

He recognized the man who claimed to be a "ring-tailed roarer from Yuba Dam" at the first glance.

And he also saw that he was well covered with the muzzles of revolvers.

If there had been only one in the hand of Dancing Dick he would have made an effort to drop him, but now he felt that it was policy to give in.

"You have me at a big disadvantage, Mr. Dancing Dick," he said coolly. "I'll admit that you have got the drop on me. That is because I came down from the clouds in a balloon and got all kerthummixed in the descent."

The eyes of the leader of the renegades turned to the wrinkled alimp for the first time at Wild's words.

"A balloon, hey?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, my friend, it is a balloon," spoke up the professor. "This young man shot a hole through it, after I told him I did not want anything like that done."

"It are a wonder to me that he didn't shoot a hole through you," was the reply. "But I ain't got time to talk to you now. Jist hold out yer hands an' have 'em tied up, ther pair of yer. If yer don't want ter have yer hands tied, jist say so, an' I'll see to it that yer git plugged an' are allowed ter lay here by ther confounded old balloon."

Though it was galling to him to do so, Wild held out his hands and suffered to having his wrists tied securely together.

Professor Briggs must have thought it would be best for him to follow suit, for he did so.

Dancing Dick then stepped forward himself and relieved Young Wild West of his weapons.

He then searched the professor, but found none.

However, he took what money and trinkets he had in his pocket.

"Now, then, I guess I'll take yer in camp," he observed, and without so much as making an examination of the balloon or basket attached to it, the villains left the spot.

Wild thought he heard something like a sigh of relief escape the lips of the old man as this happened, and he made up his mind that the articles valued most by the professor were in the basket.

Down a deep descent the renegades went with their captives, and the camp was soon reached.

Those of the men who had remained in camp were surprised to see Young Wild West there.

They had not seen the balloon, so they concluded that he had been following them up for no good purpose.

Consequently they were for taking his life right away.

Had it not been for Professor Griggs it is most likely that they would have killed the daring young fellow then and there.

The aeronaut was still very angry about the shooting of the balloon, and he scarcely seemed to realize that he was a prisoner in the hands of a lot of lawless men.

"It will take a week to get the rents in the silk bag sewed up!" he cried, with something like a wail. "I am sorry I ever allowed you to get in the car."

He was looking straight at Wild when he said this, and the renegades pricked up their ears.

They could not understand what the old man was driving at.

Dancing Dick began to question him.

"Did this feller bust yer blamed old balloon?" he asked, pointing at Wild.

"Yes; he shot into it to make it come down."

"What was he doing in it?"

"I asked him to get in when we were fast to a tree, so it would come down easy. There was another man in the basket, then, but the rope broke and he fell out. Then we went up like a rocket and would have got along all right if he had not shot into the bag and caused the escaping gas to explode it."

"I see," said Dancing Dick, who now understood the case pretty well. "Where was yer when this here Young Wild West got in?"

"In the town over there."

"So, Mr. West," and the renegade leader turned his gaze to Wild, "you wasn't lookin' for us when we found you on top of ther hill?"

"I hadn't a thought of you just then," replied the boy.

"But I s'pose you have been doin' some tall thinkin' ever since, though?"

"I have been thinkin', somewhat."

"What have yer been thinkin' about?"

"Well, for one thing, I have been thinking of what a fool I was for letting you get the drop on me."

"Ha! ha! ha! So yer was, hey?"

"Yes."

"Well, yer sorter got ther best of me yesterday, but I knowed my time was bound ter come soon."

"Well, what have you got me tied up in this fashion for, then?"

"I don't know exactly why, jist yet. But one thing, I ain't goin' ter let yer go."

"I had an idea that you did business in an entirely different way," observed Young Wild West, speaking as coolly as though he was merely having a friendly argument. "I thought you was one of the sort of men who are bridled when they get on top once."

"Well, youngster, I reckon that I am that kind of a critter."



"But it strikes me that you are too dangerous to be let runnin' around loose, so I'm tryin' to think what I'll do with yer."

"I guess you had better let me go."

Dancing Dick looked at his captive in astonishment.

"You are ther coolest card I ever turned up," he said.

"You'll find that I am a trump card if you play with me long enough. All I want is a square deal."

The half-breed villain scratched his head thoughtfully for a moment, and then he brightened up.

"I'll tell you what I'll do with you!" he exclaimed suddenly.

"You are talkin' of trump cards, so I'll play you a game of euchre to see whether I bore your heart open with a bullet or let you go free. What do yer say to ther proposition?"

"I'll agree, if you say that the game is to be a square one," replied Wild, just as calmly as though he was accepting a proposition to play for the cigars.

"Well, you are a cool one!" And Dancing Dick produced a deck of cards from his pocket. "Now, see here! I'll promise to let you go scott free if you win the game, and if you lose you must expect to be shot through ther heart as soon as I take in ther winning trick."

"I shall expect that!" exclaimed Wild.

"An' yer must promise that you won't try to run away afore ther game is through."

"I'll promise that."

The eyes of the professor fairly bulged from his head as he listened to this conversation.

It was evident that he had just begun to realize what sort of men he had fallen in with.

"Do you mean what—what you said?" he asked Wild.

"I mean it, certainly," was the response. "I am used to taking desperate chances, and I am not afraid to take this one. I never yet met a man who was a better player at euchre than I am, if a square game is played."

"But what is to become of me? Am I still to remain a prisoner, whether you win or lose?"

"Oh!" and Young Wild West laughed lightly; "perhaps the gentleman will give you the same chance if I should lose."

Wild was anxious to keep the conversation going as long as possible, and he meant to prolong the game when it started, for he had taken note of something that no one else had right at the time of his capture.

He had seen half a dozen horsemen riding that way.

Among them were Cheyenne Charlie, Jim Dart and Jack Robedee.

If they got there before the game of euchre was ended something would happen that the renegades were not expecting.

But he meant to play the game for all he was worth, just the same.

To kill time he started in to tell how he beat the gamblers in Weston a few weeks before.

The men listened to him and marveled at the great nerve he was showing, when it was an even chance that he was to die very soon.

It took him about five minutes to tell the story, and then Dancing Dick insisted that the game should start without any further delay.

Wild's bonds were severed, and the cards were given him to count and shuffle.

He looked them over carefully, taking his time about it, and found that there was a perfect euchre deck there.

Dancing Dick led the way to a flat stone.

"Cut for deal!" he exclaimed, as he took a seat beside it. "Remember, now, that if you win you are to go free, an' if I win I'm goin' to plug yer through ther heart, jist as sure as my name are Dancing Dick."

"I understand it, perfectly," and Wild cut the ace of diamonds.

His opponent cut a nine spot.

"You win ther deal," he said, "but I reckon you won't win ther game."

"I feel it in my bones that I will."

"Well, young feller, if yer do, you'll find me a man of my word."

The game now started.

Wild dealt and made a point.

The half-breed did the same thing.

It was to be ten points.

And a life was at stake!

That made it very interesting to the lookers-on.

The game continued to be an even one up to the seventh point made.

It was a tie, and Young Wild West's deal.

He shuffled the cards, and when Dancing Dick had cut them he dealt.

The jack of clubs was turned up for the trump.

Wild looked at his cards and found that he had not a club in his hand.

He had the ace, king and ten of diamonds and the nine and ten of spades.

But he acted on an inspiration and picked it up, discarding the nine of spades.

A broad grin came over the evil countenance of Dancing Dick.

He held the left, ace and queen of trumps and the queen and jack of diamonds.

He thought he was going to euchre the boy who was playing for his life.

But he was doomed to disappointment that time.

He led his queen of diamonds, and Wild took it in with his king.

Then he led out his right bower, the only trump he had, and scooped in that trick.

"You must have another diamond," said Wild, in a matter-of-fact way. "Put it on that!"

He put out his ace of diamonds as he said this, and Dancing Dick uttered an oath.

"I've got one, as luck will have it," he said. "But if I hadn't had it I'd have euchred you, sure. Look here!" and he threw down his cards to show his other two trumps.

"Well, that is one more point toward the ten," remarked Wild, as he watched his opponent shuffle the deck.

He cut them, and then picked up his hand after the cards had been dealt, but did not look at them until the trump was turned up.

It was a spade—the ace.

Our hero had the right and left bowers in his hand and the queen of hearts and nine and ten of diamonds.

"I pass!" said he.

"I should think you would!" exclaimed Dancing Dick, as he discarded one of the two hearts he had and picked up the trump. "Here is where I even up with you ag'in."

He had the ace, king, queen and ten of trumps and the jack of hearts!

He had an idea of making two that time.

Wild led his queen of hearts, and the villain threw on the jack.

"I can't seem to make a two-timer," he observed.

"I should say not," answered Wild, laying down the two bowers. "It is a euchre, and as eight and two are ten, I win the game."

The ring-tailed roarer from Yuba Dam was the picture of amazement for a moment.

He looked at his hand and then at the cards Wild had laid on the table.

"That's right!" he exclaimed. "You win. Ther whole seven trumps was out. I'll keep my word, too. You are ther luckiest feller I ever played with."

"Well, are you going to allow the professor to go free, too?"

"What? Well, I guess not! I made up my mind that some one had to be shot, so it's got ter be him. Let ther old cuss loose, boys, an' start him down ther hill. We'll shoot at him on ther run, an' if he gits away alive he's welcome ter go!"

The bonds of the aeronaut were severed in the twinkling of an eye; and then—

"This way!" exclaimed the voice of Cheyenne Charlie, from behind a pile of rocks.

The next instant the friends of Young Wild West appeared with drawn revolvers!

### CHAPTER III.

MR. JENKINS.

"Come this way, balloon man! If them fellers attempt to shoot you we'll mow 'em down in about two shakes of a lamb's tail!" cried Cheyenne Charlie, who, with the others, had come to search for the balloon and had been crouching behind the rocks, watching the game of cards and listening to all that was being said.

The only person not surprised at this startling interruption was Young Wild West.

He knew for a certainty that the miners would come along with his pards in search of him.

He had seen them starting, as has already been stated.

The renegades were dumfounded.

They did not know how many were in the party, but they



could see at least ten revolvers pointed at them, and that was sufficient to cause them to give in.

"Wild, that was a great game you just played," said Jim, as our hero walked over to them, followed by the balloonist, who was now trembling as though he had an attack of the ague.

"Yes, an' if you hadn't won ther game it would have been ther Yuba Dam man that would have turned up his toes, instead of you," added Cheyenne Charlie. "I had him covered when you euchered him on ther last hand, 'cause I thought he might make a kick an' make a move to finish you, anyway."

"I allus keep my word, whatever else I do," observed Dancing Dick, drawing himself up with a certain degree of pride. "I told ther young feller that he was at liberty to go, didn't I?"

"Oh, yes! But you was goin' to riddle an old man who never done a thing to you, jest for ther fun of it, an' you know Young Wild West wouldn't have stood for that."

"Well, it's all over now. You fellers have got ther drop on us, that I am willing to admit. Ther best thing yer kin do now is ter git back to ther town an' let us alone."

"That is just what we will do," spoke up Wild. "But if you take my advice, Dancing Dick, you will light out from this vicinity. It won't be very healthy for you if about fifty of the miners were to take it in their heads and come up here to do battle with you."

"Thankee for ther advice. I reckon I'll act on it. Good-mornin', gents."

Our friends backed away until they were out of pistol range, and then they hurried to the mountain road.

The professor wanted to go back to his balloon and find out just how much damage was done, but he was ordered to come right along, and he concluded that it was best for him to obey.

Cheyenne Charlie and his party had come up on horseback, so Jim took Wild on with him and Jack got the professor on behind him, after no little coaxing.

The old man was not afraid to ride in the basket of a balloon, but he was afraid to ride a horse.

He held fast to Robedee with a death grip all the way back, and Jack was glad when he let go and tumbled to the ground.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, "that was worse than taking a drowning man out of ther river! My ribs are pretty near crushed in."

The man called Jenkins, who had tumbled from the basket, met the professor and congratulated him on the fact of his being alive.

This had the effect of throwing the old man in a rage.

"Confound you for a stupid fool!" he exclaimed. "What did you want to fall out of the basket for? See what has happened in consequence of it! My balloon lies up there on the mountain split in two from the actions of another fool, who shot into it to burst it because he was afraid we might soar off to the moon! You are all a set of fools, that's what you are!"

"See here, professor," spoke up Young Wild West, "we will take that much from you, but just please don't repeat it too often. If you do, some one will be liable to face you to the east and kick you out of town. You are the most ungrateful man I ever met! I must say, speaking of fools, that no one but a fool would think more of a crazy old balloon than he did of his own life. Now, don't say anything more till you have come to your full senses."

That settled it.

The angry professor walked away and sat down on a rock to cool off.

After advising the men not to notice anything he might say or do, Wild walked down to the postoffice after his mail, and incidentally to have a chat with pretty Arletta Murdock.

Jenkins, who had landed in Weston in such an unceremonious way, got up and followed him.

"Excuse me," he said, as he overtook Wild. "I should like to talk with you for a few minutes."

"All right. I am at leisure."

"Would you like to hear how the professor and I came to be up in a balloon?"

"Yea. I was waiting for either one of you to give some sort of an account of yourselves. It strikes me that you are not crazy, like your companion."

"I hope not. To begin with, I am only his companion from force. He saved my life, though, and I shan't forget him for that."

"He saved your life, you say. How?"

"I was being chased by Sioux Indians over in Nebraska, near the dividing line. My horse was tired out, my rifle lost

and the chambers of my revolver were empty. The red demons thought they surely had me, and I was about of the same opinion.

"They were not over a hundred feet behind me—about fifty of them—when my horse stumbled and fell. I scrambled to my feet to make my last stand, when suddenly I heard a shout from somewhere above my head, and then the Indians uttered cries of terror and fell on their faces.

I looked up and saw a balloon gliding slowly along. It was not many feet above me, and a rope was dangling down, the end of which touched the ground. Our friend, the professor, was leaning out of the car, and he called out to me to catch the rope and make it fast under my arms.

"Of course, I was mighty glad of the opportunity, and I did it in a jiffy. The next instant three or four heavy bags came down upon the frightened Indians and I felt myself going up in a very rapid manner. Half a minute later a stiff breeze caught the balloon, and I found myself being whirled along hanging to the end of a rope about a thousand feet from the ground.

"But this was much better than being slain by the red men, and instead of being frightened I felt elated at my escape.

"Pretty soon I felt myself being hauled upward, and after what seemed to be an hour I caught hold of the edge of the car of the balloon, and climbed inside beside the old man.

"I was just in time, wasn't I?" he said, and I told him that he was, and thanked him for saving my life. He told me that he was employed by the Government to study out the different currents of air that existed, or something like that, and that he always carried sandbags to more than the weight of a man when he made an ascension, so it was an easy matter for him to rescue me.

"He asked me who I was, and I gave him all the information I deemed necessary just then, and settled down to try and get accustomed to riding in the car of a balloon.

"After a while I asked him where he was going, and he said he did not know. He added that he made the ascension from Fort Robinson a few hours before he came upon me being chased by Indians, and that he would have to trust to luck as to where he would come down.

"As it was sunset when I first made his acquaintance, I began to grow uneasy. I did not feel like passing the night a thousand feet in the air, not knowing at what moment something might give way and send me whirling to certain death. The professor seemed to be uneasy, too; I could not help noticing that. He said nothing more till after dark, and then he told me that the line attached to the valve at the top of the balloon was broken, and that the only way for us to make the balloon descend would be for one of us to climb up the netting and catch the piece of dangling line and pull on it.

"I tried to do it, but gave it up after I had crawled up six feet. My weight pulled the balloon over, and I found it would be impossible to do it.

"Then the professor tried it, but he did not get as far as I did. He then said that we would have to throw out the grapnel and trust to luck for it to catch onto something when the balloon settled down, which, he said, it was sure to do after a while.

"We put in the whole night that way, holding on for our lives, for the wind continued to blow a gale. When daylight came we did not know how far we had traveled, but we found that the car was much nearer to the ground.

"Shortly before you first saw us we lost our grapnel, as you have already been told, and then came the rest, which you know as well as I do."

"You have had quite an experience, I must say," said Wild, who had been deeply interested in the recital of the story. "How comes it that you are out around these diggings? You don't appear to be a scout, or a hunter, or even a miner?"

"I'll admit that I am neither of them. I am simply looking for adventure. My home is in St. Louis, Missouri."

"Well, have you had all the adventure you want?"

"Oh, no! I am good for a whole lot more yet. Indians and balloons are not the only dangerous things in these parts."

"You are right there," replied Young Wild West. "If you stay right here in Weston you will probably find enough adventure to suit you. Walk on down to the post-office with me. I have taken a liking to you, Mr. Jenkins. I suppose you know who I am?"

"Yes; the men told me after I tumbled out of the car of the balloon. I had heard of you in St. Louis, and believe me when I say that I was proud to have you listen to my story just now."

"Heard of me in St. Louis!" echoed Wild.



"You; the papers are full of stories about you. You are known as the greatest scout and dead-shot in the West."

"Very flattering, I must say," and Wild laughed. "I don't know as I have ever done anything to make me famous."

"Real heroes always talk that way," was the reply.

Arietta stood on the stoop, evidently waiting for her lover.

"Been in more danger again, I hear," she observed with a smile.

"Yes: I made my first balloon ascension this morning," he answered.

"But what did you do after that?"

"Played cards for my life and won."

Jenkins started to walk away.

"Come here, Mr. Jenkins," said Wild. "I want to introduce you to the best little girl in the whole West."

Jenkins came back and took the girl's proffered hand.

"I congratulate you both," he said.

Wild then told Arietta how Jenkins came to be there, not forgetting to relate the sayings and doings of the eccentric Professor Griggs.

"If I can find a job I think I will stay here for a few weeks," remarked Jenkins.

"I'll see to it that you get one," retorted Young Wild West.

"Thank you. I shall write a letter home at once, then. You see, there is a young lady in St. Louis whom I think a great deal of. We had a slight misunderstanding before I came away, and I did not bid her good-by."

"And now you propose to do it by mail," said Arietta, with a smile.

"Well, not exactly. I think I will feel easier if I write and let her know where I am."

"And she will feel easier when she gets the letter, no doubt."

"Yes."

The pretty young postmistress furnished him with paper and envelope, and Jenkins sat down and wrote the letter.

When he had posted it he bade the young couple good-morning, and walked over to the hotel to engage accommodations.

"I will see you this afternoon, Mr. West," he called out.

"All right," responded Wild.

"That man seems to be out of his latitude," remarked Arietta.

"Yes. He says he left St. Louis in search of adventure, but I guess it is a case of a lovers' quarrel that sent him away."

"Lovers' quarrels are foolish things, I guess."

"I don't know. I never experienced anything in that line."

"And you don't want to, do you?"

"No, little one, I don't. Please remember that, will you?"

"Oh, I'll try to remember it," and the girl worked her mouth into a pout.

"You'll try?"

"Yes."

"Well, Et, I am satisfied that you either want to quarrel with me this minute, or you——"

"Well, or what?"

"You want me to kiss you!"

"I don't want either of those things you mentioned, so there is where you make a mistake."

"Well, you have got to have the kiss, anyway!" and she had it right then and there.

After leaving his sweetheart Wild went over to the company's office.

He wanted to see how things were going.

Jim Dart, the secretary, was at his desk.

In reply to a query from his friend he said that the profits of the company were not falling off a particle.

"We are getting richer every day," he added.

"And our mine is still panning out nicely?"

"Yes. We are very lucky, ain't we, Wild?"

"I must agree with you on that point."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### RENEGADES AND INDIANS.

Every man of the renegade band had his eyes fixed on their leader as Young Wild West and his friends walked away from the spot.

It was quite plain that they expected to see him do something out of the ordinary—just what they did not know.

But he did not make a move until the men were out of sight, and then something like a sigh of relief escaped his lips, which the men could not help but notice.

"That flat waste their old boy!" he exclaimed, as he turned

to his followers. "I never met such a feller as that Young Wild West. He's what I call a good one."

"What are yer goin' to do about him?" one of them ventured to ask.

"Do about him! What in thunder is there to do about him? He's got ther best of me, ain't he?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, then, ther only thing I kin do is to wait till I git a chance at him ag'in; that's all there is about him."

"I guess he is about ther fust one that ever downed yer, ain't he, cap?" asked another.

Dancing Dick looked daggers at the fellow.

It was quite plain that it was a subject he did not like to talk on.

"See here," he exclaimed, knitting his brows, "if any of you fellers think I didn't act ther right way with this here Young Wild West, why, jist come out and say so."

No one offered to say a word.

"Two of yer have jist put in yer jaw about ther business; now, I want yer to understand that I'm ther boss here, 'cause I kin lick any two of yer at one time! Do yer understand that? I kin down you two right here with two shots, an' if yer don't think so jist draw yer guns!"

Instinctively the rest of the men drew back a few steps, leaving the two who had spoken on the subject standing in the open.

Both of them had their hands on the butts of their pistols, and both were very pale.

The face of Dancing Dick was red with anger.

He was getting madder at every breath he drew.

Out came his revolver, and——

Crack! Crack!

The two men dropped to the ground, one of them shot through the arm, and the other with a bullet in his leg.

The men looked at each other uneasily, showing that they were afraid as death of him.

"Now!" cried Dancing Dick, furiously, "if there is any more of you as thinks I don't know my own business, jist say so, an' we'll have it over right at onct! I hate to make ther gang any smaller, but it has got to be did when it gits so my men think they know more than I do."

"There ain't one of us but what thinks yer done jest right, captain," spoke up one in a voice that trembled slightly.

"That's so!" chimed in the rest; and then to make sure, he called them off, one at a time, till he had made every one answer favorable to him.

His face broke into a good-humored smile at this, and he called for the rum to be passed around.

There were several army canteens of the stuff in the crowd, and soon every one had imbibed a copious drink of it.

"Now then, boys, I reckon we'll move from here."

At this the villains immediately began to break up camp.

Dancing Dick coolly approached the men he had shot and took their weapons and the money they had in their pockets from them.

Ten minutes later they were moving slowly over the mountain road in search of a more suitable place to camp.

At length they found one that they thought would be just the place.

It was in a V-shaped opening, which ran back under a cliff. In order to reach it a ledge about ten feet in width had to be traversed for perhaps a dozen yards. One side of the opening ended abruptly at the edge of the precipice, and the other ran along the base of the bluff.

There was only one way to get in and out of the opening, and that was by way of the ledge.

This place was, perhaps, three miles from the town of Weston, and about a hundred yards from the road leading to it.

When they got to putting things in shape Dancing Dick sized up the camp with a critical eye.

"I reckon a couple of hundred could put up here nicely," he muttered. "There's a spring over there, an' that'll give us plenty of water, so all's we have got ter do is to lay in a supply of grub an' some hay for ther hosses. That town of Weston has got ter be raided, an' we must make ther raid a success when we do it."

After carefully thinking over the situation the leader selected six of the best rifle shots in the crowd and sent them out to shoot game.

He intended to salt and smoke what was shot, so it might be put away for future use.

Four more were ordered to cut grass and fodder for the horses, and the few remaining ones set about to gathering fagots for the necessary fires.



By the time it was sunset Dancing Dick was well satisfied with the way things were progressing, and after he had eaten a supper of bear steak and coffee, he saddled and bridled his horse, and selecting a man to remain in charge of the camp, he called forth.

He did not tell the men what errand he was on, but they could guess pretty well.

He was in search of his Indian friends who were on the warpath.

But the villain knew pretty near where he would find them, as he had conferred with the chief of the band a couple of days before.

Dancing Dick rode along till about midnight, and then he came to a halt, and gave a good imitation of the hoot of an owl.

It was answered almost immediately in the same manner.

The villain gave a nod of satisfaction and then three times more he gave the signal.

Three times the hoot-hoot came back to his ears, and then he urged his horse forward at a sharp trot.

"Minnewauka!" he cried out, as he came to a halt again.

"Minnewauka!" came the reply in a low, guttural voice.

An Indian wrapped in a blanket and carrying a rifle stepped from the shadow of a group of trees and approached the horseman.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed. "Dancing Dick, the brave with white blood in his veins. Dancing Dick is all right. Come!"

The renegade leader showed his satisfaction by passing a remark that was complimentary to the Indian, and then followed him to the mouth of a ravine and thence along for about a hundred yards to a wide opening that was surrounded on all sides, save the entrance, by almost perpendicular walls of rock.

In the center of this a campfire was smoldering, and scattered all around it were tepees.

An Indian stood on guard at the entrance, and when he saw that the horseman was accompanied by one of the braves he stepped aside and allowed them to enter.

Dancing Dick now dismounted and stood still, holding his horse by the bridle.

Then the redskin scout who had brought him there darted into the camp, and a few minutes later returned with a chief wearing a gorgeous headgear of eagle feathers.

"Minnewauka!" exclaimed Dancing Dick.

"Minnewauka!" repeated the chief, and then he held out his hand, which the villain shook warmly.

Minnewauka was the password in use by the band of one hundred Sioux, under the lead of Eagle Wing.

Translated from their language it meant "fire-water," which was what they called whisky.

Dancing Dick not only had the password, but he had the real thing with him.

He produced a bottle of whisky and tendered Eagle Wing a drink.

The chief took a deep draught and smacked his lips as he handed the bottle back.

"I have come to see you, as I said I would," said the half-breed.

"Dancing Dick keeps his word," was the reply. "The blood of the Sioux, which is in his veins, makes him tell the truth. What has Dancing Dick to say?"

"Well, Eagle Wing, I have been over to the town of Weston. It is much bigger than I thought it was, but there is whisky, gold dust an' pretty paleface maidens there in plenty. We kin attack 'em in ther night time an' clean 'em out easy enough. How many warriors have you got?"

"One hundred—all good braves, who know how to shoot. Every one got rifle, too."

"That's what I call good enough. It will be an easy thing to do."

"What does Eagle Wing get if he do this?" asked the wily chief, who was bound to get his share of the proceeds for running the risk.

"Half of the whisky an' gold dust, an' all of ther white maidens."

"Ugh! That is good! Eagle Wing will go with Dancing Dick an' do this."

"Shake on it, chief. If I don't keep my word you kin burn me at ther stake!"

"Dancing Dick will keep his word. He never lie to Eagle Wing."

"Kin yer go right over to our camp to-night, so you won't be apt to be seen by any of ther palefaces that live in ther town?"

"Yes. Eagle Wing and his braves will go to-night. Has Dancing Dick a good place to camp?"

"Fine! Just as good as this. Bring all ther grub you've got an' ther fodder for yer horses."

"Eagle Wing got plenty; enough for a week."

"Well, it ain't likely we'll need that much, though we can't tell."

The two villains talked some more, and finished the bottle of whisky.

Then preparations to break camp were made by the Indians.

They worked in a systematic way, and in a half hour's time they were on the move.

With true Indian cunning they sent two scouts ahead and let two fall back in the rear about half a mile.

This was to prevent any possible surprise from their enemies, the whites.

But luck was with them, it seemed, for they never met a soul on the way, and reaching the band of renegades, went into camp on the spot.

Dancing Dick was now very much elated.

He thought he could now see his way clear to get square with Young Wild West.

He got together all the flasks of liquor the renegade party had, and turned them over to the Sioux chief and his favorite braves.

Then he helped them drink it, and in half an hour they were all intoxicated.

Then Dancing Dick got up and made a speech:

"I am a ring-tailed roarer from Yuba Dam!" he exclaimed. "When I open my mouth I always say something. The palefaces in Weston have got ter die, an' we want what stuff they've got. I kin lick any seventeen of 'em myself, an' Eagle Wing kin lick as many more. Eagle Wing wants a paleface maiden for his squaw, an' he'll have one, too. I am the son of a paleface maiden, an' my father was a Sioux warrior. I am proud that he was. Whoop her up, boys! Whoop her up! I'm a ring-tailed roarer from Yuba Dam, an' any one that ain't polite to me has got ter turn up his toes!"

This was received by the renegades with great applause, while the Indians grunted their approval, and said that Dancing Dick was a great brave.

Then Eagle Wing got up and delivered a short address in his own language, which translated would have been something like this:

"Eagle Wing is a chief of a great nation. His word is law among his braves; he treats them right; he never lies to them, and they love him for it. His braves will help Dancing Dick to kill the palefaces in the town of Weston, and they will be well paid in the yellow dust and rum; they are great fighters. They are the best in the whole nation, and they hate the palefaces who came to their hunting grounds and tried to make them starve. They will fight like a wounded grizzly for Dancing Dick, because Eagle Wing says so!"

The chief got as much applause as his predecessor had, and he sat down a very proud redskin, indeed.

The truth of the matter was that both the Indians and outlaws, who made up the two bands, were very anxious to get into Weston and make the raid.

They wanted the whisky more than anything else, and a brave will generally go his full length for it.

That is why a national law was passed prohibiting the sale of intoxicants to the red men.

But the law was violated at the time of which we write, and it is now.

Whenever we read of an outrage committed by Indians it is generally laid to the fact that they were crazed from whisky.

The red demons under Eagle Wing had all felt the effects of the stuff, and they were itching to get their fill of it again.

The town of Weston was in great danger.

## CHAPTER V.

### JENKINS GOES TO WORK.

The excitement caused by the shooting affray and the arrival of the balloon the following morning soon died out.

The town of Weston was used to all sorts of surprises, so it was quick to recover when anything out of the ordinary happened.

But Young Wild West could not keep the renegade off his mind.

He wondered what the villainous men were encamped in such close proximity to the town for.

The treatment they had received certainly could not have



been very gratifying to them: what, then, were they hanging around for?

It looked as though there was something in the wind, and Wild made up his mind that there was.

Shortly after one o'clock Jenkins came over to the Widow's Cabin in search of Young Wild West, who was working that claim.

Wild stood there, watching Cheyenne Charlie and Jack Robedee, who were at work on a sort of sandsucker, which they called their "patent dust finder."

It was a thing that had been invented between them, and they were confident that it would change the old system of washing the dirt in pans.

Wild was very much interested in the invention, and he was so absorbed in watching them trying to manipulate it that he did not observe Jenkins till he was within a few yards of the place.

"Why, hello, Mr. Jenkins," he said. "I see you have come around?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Are you still of the mind to stay out here and go to work?"

"Oh, yes! That is what I came over to speak to you about."

"Well, I need a man right here, or at least we all do. I think that you will be just the one for the job."

"Thank you. I assure you that I will do my best to suit you."

"Quit work, boys, till we talk this matter over. Here is a man whom I am going to recommend as being straightforward and honest. He will be just the man for us. If he is, his services ought to be worth ten dollars a day."

"What!" gasped Jenkins. "Surely you are not making fun of me, are you?"

"I was never more serious in my life," replied Wild. "The position you will hold is one that requires nothing short of an honest man. I propose that you shall be superintendent of our mine."

"We are satisfied to hire him," said Cheyenne Charlie.

"Of course," added Robedee; "you know what you are doing."

"Well, I am quite sure that Jim will be satisfied, so I will tell Mr. Jenkins what his duties will be, and then if he wants the job he can go right to work."

"Call me Walter; that is my first name," spoke up Jenkins.

"Very well, Walter, then. It will be your duty to always be here when the rest of us are away. Outside of that, you can stay around and help in the general work that we ourselves do. You will be the boss of what men we hire, and when all four of us are away at one time we shall expect you to see that no gold dust, or anything else, goes away from here without our knowledge. So you see, you can do as you please around town so long as we are around here."

"I understand," was the answer. "I will put in my full time with you. There is nothing to call me away from here that I know of."

"Suit yourself about that part of it, but remember that you must always be here when none of the four of us is here. When will you go to work?"

"I am ready now."

"Good! Your time starts from one o'clock, then."

Jenkins pulled off his coat and rolled up his sleeves.

"Just tell me what to do, and you will find me perfectly willing," he said.

"Well, we will leave it to you about that. If you find anything that needs to be done, why, just do it, if you persist in putting in all of your time here."

"I suppose I can board with you?"

"Oh, yes. That will be necessary, anyhow. Your wages will be ten dollars a day and your board."

Jenkins looked as though he could hardly realize his good fortune.

"If my work suits you, and something else turns out all right, I might make up my mind to stay here altogether. Do you think I could have a job right along in that case?"

"Yes. If your work suits, and we find you to be the sort of man I take you to be, there will always be a job here for you."

"All right. I think I will write another letter home and tell of my good fortune."

"Do so," observed Wild. "By the way, what has become of our friend, the professor?"

"He was bargaining with some men to go and get his balloon when I left."

"How much did he offer them?"

"A hundred dollars, I believe. He wanted me to be one of the party, but I refused."

"Oh, he'll get enough men to go with him to wipe out that

gang of toughs, if they are there yet. He will get his balloon all right, if he pays a hundred dollars. That will just about be enough to pay for a good carousal for the men who hire themselves out to him."

"There are the men he has engaged coming now. See! They have a wagon, and the professor is in it."

Young Wild West and his partners say that this was indeed the case.

Professor Griggs had succeeded in enlisting the services of ten men and a team of horses.

The men were honest fellows, but of the reckless, determined sort.

They would almost as soon fight as eat.

After they had passed along up the mountain road Wild went over to the company's office to tell Jim Dart that they had hired a man.

As might be supposed, Jim was perfectly satisfied with what had been done.

"Jenkins is out here as the result of a quarrel," said Wild. "I shouldn't be surprised if he succeeds in coaxing his girl to come out and marry him, and that he will settle down here for good. He is just the sort of a man we want, if I am any judge of human nature."

"Oh, you are a judge, easy enough. I never saw you make a mistake in a man yet," replied Jim.

Wild remained at the office for about an hour.

Then he saw the professor and his men coming back.

They had the balloon in the wagon, and were taking things easy.

As they passed he went out.

"Is that gang we drove out of town up on the mountain yet?" he asked.

"Nope!" replied the driver of the team. "Their whole business has skedaddled."

"That is a good thing. I hope they have left for good. They are not the sort of men we want around here."

"That's right!" chimed in the entire crowd.

"Professor, I hope you will be able to get your balloon in working order again," said Wild, looking hard at the old man who had been so angry at him for shooting a hole through the silken bag.

"I guess I can fix it in time," was the rejoinder. "But I don't thank you for doing what you did, all the same."

"Ah! Still hold the grudge, do you? Well, I can't help it. I made up my mind that I was not going to sail through the air to some place where no one lives. I took the course I did after due deliberation."

The old fellow said no more.

There happened to be a vacant building in town, and when our hero had seen the balloon placed in it he turned to Jim and said:

"I suppose I had better pay the old man for the damage I did, so if he comes up here inquiring for me at any time just ask him for his bill, will you?"

"Yes. Shall I pay it, if I can't find you anywhere around?"

"Oh, you might as well. I don't think his bill ought to amount to more than a hundred dollars, though."

"I should say not."

"If it is don't you pay it, but wait until I come around."

"All right."

Wild walked on over to the post-office to have a chat with Arietta.

Old man Murdock was there, and after talking to him awhile, the young fellow went over to the fair postmistress.

"You must be expecting an important letter," said she. "You come around here so much oftener than any one else."

"Well, suppose I did not come around so often, what then?" was his answer.

"Oh, some one might feel strange about it, I suppose."

"You suppose?"

"Yes."

"You are always supposing, it seems. Well, I set Mr. Jenkins at work this afternoon."

"You did?"

"Yes."

"Well, he won't keep his job long. As soon as he gets an answer to the letter he wrote he will be starting for home without a moment's delay."

"I am not so sure about that."

"Why not?"

"He says he likes the place here and that he may settle down in it for good."

"It will be because he gets married and brings his wife here, then."



"She might come out and meet him, and have the ceremony take place here."

"Has he told you that that might be the case?"

"Not exactly, but he has hinted as much."

"Oh! Then you know more about it than I do."

"Well, I only know what he said. He will be down here to mail another letter before the mail goes out again."

"He has got till to-morrow night, then."

"Yes. He knows that. He has found how often the mails arrive and leave."

"Wild," said Arietta, changing the subject, "I wonder if there is a good show running over in Spondulicks now?"

"I don't know, but I can easily find out. Brown was over there yesterday."

"Well, I wish you would go and ask him."

"Do you think you would like to go over and see a show?"

"Yes, and take Charlie and his wife, and Jim and Eloise Gardner along with us."

"That wouldn't be a bad idea. I'll go over to Brown's and ask him."

After a little more of good-natured chaff Wild left the post-office and went over to the Gazoo.

Brown was there himself, behind the bar.

As was his usual custom, Young Wild West treated every one in the place, and then he called Brown aside.

"You were over to Spondulicks yesterday. Did you take notice whether there was a show there or not?" he inquired.

"Yes," was the reply. "I couldn't help but notice that there was. The town is full of fancy-colored posters. I didn't have time to take it in, though."

"What sort of a show is it?"

"A circus, I guess. The pictures were of men in tights standing up on the backs of horses an' goin' around a ring like anything. I never seen a circus, an' I am goin' to try an' run over an' see this one before it goes away. It will be there a week."

"A circus, eh?" mused Wild, half aloud. "Well, I guess I'll go over to-morrow and see it."

"It's all right, Et," he said, as he went back to the post-office. "There is a circus over at Spondulicks. We will ride over to-morrow morning and take in the afternoon performance. You can tell the women folks, and I'll speak to Charlie and Jim."

A circus! That was something Arietta had never seen, but she had heard much about them.

When she went home to supper she lost no time in telling Anna and Eloise what was in store for them.

They had both seen a circus, but they were not averse to going again, by any means.

"I shall enjoy the trip ever so much," said Charlie's wife.

"And won't I, though!" exclaimed Eloise, whose cheeks were now rosy again, since she had fully recovered from her severe illness.

"I'd like to know who wouldn't enjoy the ride over there," observed Arietta.

"You can talk that way, because you are an accomplished equestrienne," retorted Eloise. "Anna and I were never taught to ride horseback till we came out here, you know."

"But you seem to get along all right at it, though."

"Well, we had to put our minds to it and learn," spoke up Anna. "If we couldn't ride horseback in a town like this we would be apt to be looked down upon by those who can."

"And that would be from every man, woman and child," added Eloise.

"Don't be too sure of that," said Arietta. "There are miners in Weston who don't know any more about riding a horse than they do about flying."

And so the trio talked on, happy over the trip they were going to take on the morrow.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE CIRCUS AND WHAT HAPPENED AFTER IT.

Shortly after nine the next morning Young Wild West and Jim Dart mounted their horses and rode over to the Murdock residence.

Cheyenne Charlie lived in a little cottage that was next door, and he and his wife were waiting there for them.

The horses Arietta and Eloise were to ride were saddled and bridled and hitched to a tree, ready for them, and when they saw their escorts ride up the girls were not long in coming out.

All three of them were attired in handsome riding costumes,

and when they had been assisted to mount they made a very pretty and graceful appearance, especially Arietta, who seemed to be a born equestrienne.

Wild, Charlie and Jim were attired in their most elaborate rigs, and when they rode off, Dove-Deye Dave's wife made the remark that she "guessed there would not be anything at that circus that would take their shine off them!"

All hands were armed, even to the girls.

They each carried a revolver, and they knew how to use it, more especially Wild's girl, who was a very good shot indeed.

Wild had an idea that they might encounter Dancing Dick's gang on the road, so he warned them to be on the lookout.

They rode on at any easy pace, meeting two or three horsemen who were on their way to Weston, but no signs of the renegades could they see.

"I reckon they have made a bee-line for some other place, where it will be more healthy for them," said Cheyenne Charlie.

"Well, I hope they have," Wild answered, "for I shouldn't want to meet them while we have the girls with us. I wouldn't be afraid that I would get hurt myself, but I never like to see shooting going on when there are women folks around."

"No, nor I," spoke up Jim. "I think the three of us could keep that gang of villains at a safe distance, but you can't tell what might happen if they saw the girls with us. They might think that we were handicapped by them and become a little bolder."

"And some of them would die for their pains!" exclaimed Arietta, her eyes flashing. "I should do a little shooting in a case like that."

"That's right, little one," said Wild. "You could do a whole lot, too; I know that by experience."

"We would all try and do our share, I guess," spoke up Anna.

Eloise nodded and felt of her revolver, which was concealed from view.

"I guess we will be able to take care of ourselves, unless something entirely unexpected happens," remarked Young Wild West, with a nod of approval.

The ride to Spondulicks was made in due time.

Spitfire, the beautiful stallion, wanted to show his speed, but Wild would not let him.

There was no occasion for it just then, and he did not want to leave his companions in the rear.

As they rode into the town they saw it was fast assuming the appearance of a city, and as they looked around they could see the mammoth circus bills Brown had told Wild about, scattered all over on the sides of fences, barns, and even houses.

The three dashing looking couples rode up to the leading hotel, which was the one our hero always put up at when he was in the town, attracting no little attention as they did so.

The proprietor was on the stoop, and recognizing Wild, came out to meet them as they dismounted.

"We would like our horses properly taken care of, and then see to it that the best dinner the house can afford is prepared for us, Mr. Landlord," said Wild.

"You shall have the best service we can give to any one," was the reply. "Come over to take in the circus, I suppose?"

"Yes, that is about it."

"Well, they say it is a pretty good one for a small traveling show. They have got a dozen trained horses and a trick mule."

"And plenty of fancy riders, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, both male and female. There's lots of acrobats, too, and some trapeze performers."

The face of Eloise flushed as she heard the last remark.

She was thinking of the miserable life she had led as a trapeze performer.

But those days were gone now, and she could sit in the audience and look at others do the difficult feats.

The ladies were shown into the hotel parlor, and then Wild and his chums went into the barroom.

This was also the gentlemen's sitting-room, for in those times they did not have things very elaborate in the West.

Our trio of friends remained here till the bell rang for dinner.

Then they went to the parlor and escorted the ladies to the dining-room.

The dinner prepared for them was something really fine and they did full justice to it, as their ride had increased their appetites.

It was about half-past one when they got up from the table. The show went on at two.

"We may as well go to the tent now," said Cheyenne Charlie.

"Yes," spoke up Jim. "There may be such a crowd that we will not be able to get a good seat."

"Well, let us go, then," said Wild.



The tent was located in an open field not over five minutes' walk from the hotel, and they soon got there.

As might be supposed, there was a large crowd outside the tent.

If there were half that many inside, the tent must certainly be packed.

Wild went to the ticket wagon and purchased six of the best seats the show afforded.

They went inside and found the place crowded.

If they had not bought reserved seats they would have stood a slim chance of sitting down.

As it was, they had no little trouble in finding a place where they could all sit together.

Pretty soon the apology for a band struck up, and then things became lively.

Peanuts were peddled around at a quarter a pint, and lemonade was sold for ten cents per glass.

The performance opened with the entry of the twelve trained horses, with male and female riders on their backs.

They went through a sort of drill, and a crowd of cowpunchers who were seated close to the ring began to jeer them.

That was altogether too tame for them.

They knew something about riding in the saddle themselves.

They wanted to see something different from that.

So the ring-master wisely cut that part of the performance short.

He announced that some great French lady would appear in her daring act of leaping through paper balloons while riding at full speed.

The cowpunchers gave a cheer as the fair damsel came on.

The clown came on at the same time, and he, too, was applauded.

When the gaudily attired rider stood upon her horse and did her turn the audience nearly went wild.

The majority of them had never been to a circus before, and they appreciated it.

The cowpunchers fairly gloried in it, and it is safe to say that more than one of them would be suffering from a broken limb before many days, in their efforts to imitate the rider.

The clown got off his jokes and kept the audience in good humor between times, and so the show went on till finally the tumblers came out and began to leap and turn over horses from the spring-board.

That just suited.

Even Young Wild West, who had seen almost everything that there was going, was pleased at it.

The tumblers were pretty good at the business.

When the trapeze performer was announced Eloise became very much interested.

It put her in mind of old times.

She watched the man who was performing with the greatest of interest.

"You could do as well as that, couldn't you?" asked Jim.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "I had to, or there would have been trouble."

There was some more riding and jokes from the clown, and finally the show was over.

There was scarcely one who went out of the tent who was not satisfied.

Our friends thought they had been well paid for riding over from Weston, and for the time being they forgot all about the renegade band, who had given them so much concern while coming over.

It was nearly half-past four when they came out of the tent, and they wanted to try and reach home before darkness set in.

As they left the confines of Spondulicks, Wild began to think of Dancing Dick and his gang again.

Somehow he could not keep the villains off his mind.

He said nothing to his companions, however, and kept on riding.

Apparently he was as merry as any of them, but he was doing a whole lot of thinking, nevertheless.

They had made about two-thirds of the distance to Weston, and were watching the sun, which was slowly nearing the horizon, when suddenly a rifle shot rang out.

Young Wild West felt a stinging sensation on the side of his head, and instinctively he clapped his hand there.

"Look out!" he cried to his companions. "I have been grazed by a bullet!"

They had been riding in a bunch, but they immediately separated, so as to not make too good a mark to be shot at.

Suddenly there came a puff of smoke from the right of the road, and a report rang out.

Another bullet came Wild's way, but it was not so close this time.

"We had better make for cover," said Cheyenne Charlie. "It won't do for us to stay here and be shot down like dogs."

"That's right," answered Wild. "Get behind that crag over there—quick!"

The faces of the girls were very pale, but they obeyed as quick as a flash.

Another shot was fired before they reached the cover, but it flew wide of the mark.

"It won't do for us to attempt to ride past that place," said Wild, as he dismounted and handed his bridle rein to Arietta. "We must steal up on those fellows, and if there are not too many of them, silence them. Charlie, I guess you and I can do the business."

"All right!" and the scout dismounted instantly.

"What are you going to do?" asked Anna, anxiously.

"Just what Wild says," was the reply.

"Don't—please don't go and run into any danger."

"We are in danger, now, if I am any judge," retorted Wild. "We must try to get out of the danger, and the only way to do it is to locate these men who have been firing at us and call them to account. Jim, you will stay right here and look after the ladies."

Arietta did not say a word against this. She knew that her young lover knew exactly what he was doing, and she put the utmost confidence in him.

Without any further talk on the subject, Young Wild West led the way up a steep slope, and started cautiously in the direction from which the shots came.

Cheyenne Charlie was close behind him, and both had their revolvers in their hands, ready for instant use.

Wild knew that the distance was not over three hundred yards, and he wanted to get near enough to see who it was that had attacked them from ambush in such a cowardly manner.

He was pretty sure it was Dancing Dick and his men, but still he might be mistaken.

Experienced in woodcraft as they were, they had no difficulty in making their way along in a noiseless manner.

In three minutes they were very near the spot where Wild had seen the puff of smoke when the second shot was fired.

He came to a pause and motioned his companion to do likewise.

The next instant the sound of low voices came to the ears of the two.

They could not recognize to whom they belonged, though Wild was pretty sure that he had heard them before.

They thought it best to get to such a position that they might be able to discern the speakers.

So they moved off to the right and then came around, creeping softly through the tangled undergrowth.

Half a minute later they came in view of two men.

They both belonged to the gang led by Dancing Dick.

Both recognized them at a single glance.

They were not over twenty feet away, and were peering from behind a corner of rock expectantly.

"They are stayin' under cover a good while," said one. "I wonder what they are up to, anyhow?"

"I don't think they'll come past us," said the other. "It is most likely they have put back for Spondulicks, or else they know of some other way and will euchre us."

The man who had first spoken uttered an oath.

"Confound that Young Wild West, anyhow!" he exclaimed. "I thought I was a pretty good shot, but I couldn't bring him down, it seems."

"No; an' you had two chances, too. I reckon I come pretty close to him, though."

"Not as close as I did. Didn't you see him clap his hand to ther side of his head when I fired? I thought I had him sure!"

"But you didn't, though."

"Well, if I didn't, some one else will before long. Ther gang must be pretty near down there by this time, so if they are there yet it will soon all be over."

Young Wild West gave a start and clutched his companion by the arm.

"What do you think of that?" he whispered.

"They are sneakin' onto Jim an' ther women folks," replied Charlie. "We must git back there right away."

"That's right. Come on!"

As the scout turned a twig cracked beneath his foot. The two villains heard it.



"Who's there?" demanded one of them, hastening to the spot.

As he beheld the crouching forms of our two friends he called to his companion, and raised his rifle to fire.

But Cheyenne Charlie was too quick for him.

Crack!

His revolver spoke, and the fellow rolled over in the agonies of death.

The other renegade hastened to the spot and started in to empty his revolver the moment he saw Wild and Charlie.

But a well directed shot from Wild's revolver laid him low, and then they sprang to their feet, and started on a run for the spot where they had left Jim and the girls.

But before they were half-way there they heard the sound of shooting.

"We are too late!" gasped Cheyenne Charlie.

Before Wild could reply the clattering of hoofs came to their ears, and peering through the shrubbery they saw their own horses and those of their companions galloping along the road in the direction of Weston.

But that was not all they took note of.

Three of the horses were riderless.

One was Wild's, one was Charlie's and the other Arietta's.

Hot in pursuit of them was a mixed band of whites and Indians.

Jim was pouring out a deadly fire from his revolvers as he sped along, and Wild noticed that two of the villains dropped in quick succession.

But what had become of Arietta?

That was the question that staggered him.

A strange feeling of dismay crept through his heart.

"Charlie," said he hoarsely, "they have got Arietta."

The scout nodded.

"We must git her, Wild!" he said, in a voice that was full of determination.

"I don't like the looks of that gang. I wonder where those red fiends came from? There is some sort of a plot on foot, I am sure. Poor little Et!"

"Never mind, now," answered Charlie. "We'll git her all right, see if we don't. Mebbe they ain't got her after all. She might have slipped off her horse in ther excitement, an' is hidin' somewhere close by."

The two remained standing right where they were, thinking it best not to venture into a fight with the villains, as they had seen at least a score of them ride along in pursuit of Jim and the two girls, and there appeared to be as many more standing in the road.

"They'll be hunting for us directly, Wild," said Charlie. "We won't stand much of a show with 'em without our horses."

"No," was the grim retort. "But I'll guarantee that they will know that they have been in contact with some one before they get the best of us."

"Well, we've already plugged two of 'em, anyhow."

Just then the men began to move.

The two crept to the edge of the little bluff a few feet distant, and peered down at them.

It did not take the sharp eyes of Wild long to locate a form that was wrapped in a blanket that an Indian chief had on his horse before him.

It was Arietta. A portion of the pretty dress she had worn that day was in view.

Wild clutched Cheyenne Charlie by the arm, and then raised his revolver.

But he lowered it again as quickly.

"It won't do," he whispered. "If I shoot him it won't help her a bit. It would be worse for all of us."

"That's right," replied his companion. "Now jest cool down a little an' git your wits together. It's strategy that'll do ther business, an' nothin' else."

"That's right, pard!" and Wild seized Cheyenne Charlie by the hand and shook it warmly. "I had about lost all my nerve, but you have brought it back to me. We will rescue Arietta and teach that gang a lesson that some of them will never forget."

"Some of 'em, did you say?"

"Yes; some of them. They won't all be living to remember it."

"Ah! I see ther p'int."

"We must get away from here, right away, though."

It was high time that they did, for they heard the excited voices of the renegades as they viewed the two bodies of their slain companions.

A search would be made for them at once.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ARIETTA AS A PROPHET.

Jim Dart and the girls were taken completely by surprise. They were seated on their steeds, just where Young Wild West told them to remain, and were anxiously waiting, when they heard the report of a revolver from the direction their two friends had gone.

"They are in trouble," said Jim, and just then the second shot rang out.

The face of Arietta was very pale, but her eyes shone with a determined light.

"It was Wild and Charlie who fired those shots," she said, calmly.

"Yes; but——"

Jim did not finish what he was going to say, for at that moment there was a clatter, followed by the rush of many feet behind them, and they found themselves almost surrounded by a mixed band of Indians and whites.

Jim started right in at shooting, and so did Arietta.

Anna and Eloise made a feeble attempt, but had all they could do to keep on their horses.

"We must get out of here!" cried Jim, with clenched teeth.

It seemed to be the purpose of the band of villains to take them alive.

Arietta was still holding Wild's horse by the bridle, and suddenly, without the least warning, the stallion made a bolt.

In spite of her efforts to retain her position, the girl was pulled from the saddle.

She uttered a cry, but it was too late, for the other horses had started.

Away they all went, leaving Arietta on the ground in a confused heap.

But she did not remain thus over a second, for the Indian chief, Eagle Wing, who was in the party, sprang from his pony and seized her.

"After 'em! Don't let 'em git away!" shouted the voice of Dancing Dick, who was in command of the party. "Fetch every one of 'em back alive, an' that sorrel horse, too!"

Those who were mounted on the fleetest animals immediately started in pursuit, and then Eagle Wing, proud of his great capture, proceeded to wind a blanket about the struggling girl.

She had dropped her revolver in the fall from her horse, otherwise she would have made it interesting for the red demon.

The chances are that she would have shot him before he could have rendered her helpless.

But as it was now, she could do nothing with the powerful brute.

He wound the blanket tightly about her, pinning her arms to her sides, and all but smothering her.

Then Arietta felt herself lifted to the back of a horse.

She tried hard to cry out for help, but the blanket shut her off so that only a faint gurgle could be heard.

This was not the first time that she had been in the clutches of a Sioux Indian, but she was horrified, just the same.

Such a thing was hard to get used to, no matter how often it happened.

But she did not faint, as most girls would have done.

She was thinking of her lover, Young Wild West.

If he was not captured or killed by the demons, she felt that her rescue would only be a question of time.

Faith is a great thing, and if ever any one had faith in a person, Arietta Murdock had faith in Young Wild West.

So she calmed herself down as much as her womanly instincts would allow her to, and suffered herself to be carried along without a struggle.

The horse that bore her and her captor went along at a walk, and presently she realized that they were ascending a hill that was rough and uneven.

This gave her hope.

She knew that they had left the road, and in that case they could not be going any great distance.

She had not gone very far when she heard the sounds of great confusion behind her.

Her captor came to a halt, and she could hear a white man talking to him excitedly.

"Chief," she heard him say, "the very one we want to git out of ther way is right around here, an' another one, almost as dangerous as he is, is with him. They have shot two of



best men, which must have happened when we heard that shot as we rode around the other way, and come up on what there was there of 'em."

"Yes," granted the chief. "Eagle Wing's braves soon find palefaces. Send out two of his best men and bring in their scalps in one hour."

"All right, chief; if you kin do that everything will be all O. K. for to-night at Weston."

Eagle Wing uttered a peculiar cry, which meant for his braves to assemble, and the next moment they came running up from all directions.

He looked them over carefully, and then selecting two of them, told them to go out and find the two palefaces who were in the vicinity on foot, adding that they were dangerous, and that the greatest of caution must be used.

"Bring their scalps to me," he said, "and you shall be rewarded."

"That's the way to talk!" exclaimed Dancing Dick. "Now, then, if them two men of yours are any good, we'll have 'em."

Then the chief urged his horse up the hill again, and Arietta heard no more.

But she had heard enough to let her know that Wild was in danger.

But the danger was not as great as though a whole army had started out to find him and Cheyenne Charlie.

She felt that the chances were that the Indians would never come back to report.

It was not over five minutes after the march was resumed that her captor came to a halt again.

This time he dismounted.

She was lifted from the horse and carried along for a few yards, and then deposited on a pile of skins.

Realizing that no one was holding her now, Arietta proceeded to extricate herself from the folds of the blanket.

As he did so the light came to her eyes and found that she was in a tepee.

She was not alone there, either, for before her stood an Indian hag, whose face was so repulsive that the girl recoiled from her.

The sharp, jet black eyes snapped viciously at her, and Arietta felt that she was to have a very harsh jailer.

"Ugh!" exclaimed the hag in a low, guttural voice, "paleface maiden scared. What she do here in Eagle Wing's tepee?"

"I didn't want to come here," replied the girl quickly. "So as soon as you will let me out I will run away."

"Paleface maiden no come to be Eagle Wing's squaw?"

"No. I will die first!"

The expression on the hag's face softened somewhat, but there was a strange glitter in her eyes which Arietta did not like.

"Unawah take good care of paleface maiden; she sit down."

This was said in a tone that was really soft and pleasing to the ear.

Arietta knew that it would be useless for her to flee from the tepee in an effort to make her escape, so she sat down on the pile of skins from which she had arisen to remove the blanket.

"What paleface maiden's name?" asked she who called herself Unawah.

"Arietta."

"Ugh! Where she come from?"

"From Weston, a town about three miles from here."

"She come here to be the squaw of Eagle Wing, and then get afraid?"

"No. The Indians and bad white men shoot at us and I fell from my horse. Then Eagle Wing catch me and throw blanket over my head and bring me here," replied Arietta, trying to make the old squaw understand the situation.

"Arietta speak truth?"

"Yes, Unawah. Arietta has a handsome young white man, whose squaw she will be when she is older. She will die rather than be the squaw of Eagle Wing."

"Good!" exclaimed the hag.

The captive girl knew the full situation now.

The chief had evidently told Unawah that he was going to bring a white squaw to his tepee, and that she was coming of her own free will, but would be frightened badly when she got there, in all probability, and that she must be treated tenderly.

And Unawah was very jealous, though she had said nothing to Eagle Wing.

The young chief had not figured on getting a white girl

for his captive who was a true border maiden, and had been captured by Indians before, and who was not the kind to shriek and faint and go into hysterics.

Unawah believed Arietta when she said she had been brought there against her will.

But she dared not let the girl go out of the tepee.

She did not want to rouse the ire of her chief.

The slanting rays of the setting sun shot through the opening in the tepee, and fell full upon the face of the girl captive.

She was very pale, and there were tears in her eyes, but still she was quite calm.

She was thinking of her hero, Young Wild West.

Just then she did not fear so much for herself as she did for him.

Arietta paid no attention to Unawah, who had taken a seat between her and the opening. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed.

Then the flap was thrown back, and an Indian girl of about Arietta's age appeared carrying a bark tray on which was meat, corn bread and fruit and a jar of water.

Unawah took it from the girl and promptly dismissed her.

"Arietta must eat," said the hag. "She very brave, and she must eat to keep strength, if she no want to be Eagle Wing's squaw."

"I am not hungry," replied the girl, "but I will try to eat a little to please you."

The reply had its effect on the hag. It occurred to her that the fair captive had formed a liking for her, and even an Indian squaw is not averse to flattery.

So she waited on Arietta as though she had been a princess.

The girl ate very little of the food provided for her, but enough to show that she was willing to eat if her appetite demanded it.

After a while her jailer called the maiden who had brought in the tray, and sent her away with the remains of the repast.

It was now getting dark, and a fire was blazing not far away from the tepee.

There was only one thought on the mind of the fair captive, and that was Young Wild West.

"Where is he?" she asked herself. "Is he safe?"

Then she thought of how he always laughed at her fears, and she came to the conclusion that he must be.

While she was meditating thus the flap opened and the repulsive face of Eagle Wing was thrust in.

"Paleface maiden very pretty," he said. "She no cry; she brave paleface."

Arietta determined to put on a bold front, and she nerved herself accordingly.

"You had better set me free, chief," she said, as calmly as she could under the circumstances.

He looked at her in surprise.

"Unawah go out," he exclaimed, turning to the old squaw.

This order was obeyed without a murmur.

"The white maiden must be the squaw of Eagle Wing," he said, in the softest voice he could assume, when he was satisfied that Unawah was out of hearing.

"The white maiden cannot be the squaw of Eagle Wing," replied Arietta firmly, but slowly.

"She will change her mind. Eagle Wing is a great brave, and he will treat her as the rich palefaces treat their squaws."

Arietta was doing a whole lot of thinking just then.

Suddenly a plan of action struck her as quick as a flash.

"Does Eagle Wing want the white maiden to tell his future for him?" she asked.

He looked at her in astonishment, and then hesitatingly replied:

"Yes."

Indians are a very superstitious lot, and her manner frightened him, to a certain extent.

She was not slow to note this, and she took advantage of it.

"Eagle Wing," said she, sternly, "I have read the future of a great many, and I have never lied when I did so. You are a great chief, but you have made a mistake. That mistake will cost you your life. Inside the time between this and another sunset you will die!"

The Indian sprang back a step and looked hard at the girl in the gathering darkness.

He could see nothing but a cold expression of fearlessness on her face, and in spite of his boasted bravery he felt his flesh beginning to creep.

"The paleface maiden does not speak the truth," he man-



aged to blurt out. "She is trying to frighten Eagle Wing by saying things that are not so."

"Wait and see," went on the girl. "You will meet your death from a bullet aimed by a dashing young man, whose nerve is as steady as a rock, and whose eye is as sure as the hawk's. He never misses when he fires."

Without another word the chief left the tepee.

Arietta saw that she had scored a great victory.

"Now, if only Wild and Charlie are not captured or killed," she thought. "But I feel that they are all right, and that this will come out all right. I have been in a worse place than this, for as long as I can control the chief I will be safe. Something must be done before sunset to-morrow, and that is where my hope lies."

The chief had scarcely gone out when Unawah came in again.

There was something like a look of triumph in the coal black eyes of the squaw.

It struck Arietta that she had been listening to the conversation.

The old hag carried an earthen dish into which was some buffalo fat with a rude wick stuck in it.

This was lighted, and it shed a ghostly glare around the interior of the tepee.

"The paleface maiden is a wonder!" exclaimed Unawah, in a low tone. "She can read the future. She must tell Unawah what is for her."

Arietta was puzzled at this request.

She had not expected it.

The squaw had certainly been listening to the prophecy she had made to Eagle Wing, and she believed it would come true.

That accounted for the strange, weird expression of her eyes.

Arietta's brain worked quickly.

There was nothing sluggish about it.

She concluded to tell the squaw's fortune.

And she wanted it to please her somewhat.

She took the horny, copper-hued hand in her own and said:

"Unawah has seen many happy days; she does not see them now. In another moon she will be back among her people, and she will live alone in her tepee and sing to herself of the happy days she has seen. She will be thankful to the Great Spirit that she has lived so long."

"Arietta must tell me more!" cried Unawah, passionately. "She must tell me what will happen before sunset to-morrow. She must tell me, for Unawah believes that she can."

"There will be a great fight with the white men in Weston," resumed the girl, not changing a muscle of her face. "Eagle Wing will be beaten, and he will try to carry me off. The brave young paleface who wants me for his squaw will shoot Eagle Wing, and Unawah will go back to her village with the braves of his tribe."

"And what will happen to Arietta?"

"That I cannot tell. I cannot read what is in store for me. I can only read what there is for others."

"Arietta has spoken; it is well."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### WHAT JIM DID.

Jim Dart and his two female companions soon outdistanced their pursuers.

He knew not what course to pursue, and it was not until they were within less than a mile of Weston that he decided.

It was then that Spitfire, Young Wild West's sorrel, stopped suddenly and turned around and went trotting back.

"Ah!" exclaimed Jim, "I know what to do now. I must go back."

"To save them if you can?" asked Cheyenne Charlie's wife, anxiously.

"Yes, but you must ride on home and notify old man Murdock and Dove-Eye Dave of just what has happened. Tell them to get a party of armed men together and come out this way as soon as possible."

"All right," and the two rode off.

Arietta's horse seemed inclined to follow Spitfire, and before Jim could stop him he was off with him.

Cheyenne Charlie's steed went along with the women folks.

Jim rode on back until he was within a mile of the place where the attack and capture of Arietta had occurred.

The two riderless horses were now far ahead of him, and he could no longer hear or see them.

The sun had not yet gone down, and knowing a way to go around to the right and get past the place where the band of Indians and whites had been massed, Jim made for it.

It was rough and dangerous riding by that route, and he was necessarily forced to ride slow.

Oftentimes he was compelled to dismount and lead his horse, but he was getting there, slow, but sure.

Just as the sun was sinking the boy reached a point about half a mile the other side of the spot where the first shot had been fired.

He was now on the regular road leading into Weston.

The evening stage coach was coming along, and halting it, he told the driver what had happened and urged him to send out a posse of men at once.

He was now sure that help would soon arrive, and he remained there for half an hour, listening for the sound of shots, as he thought the stage coach might be attacked.

But none came, so he came to the conclusion that it had been unmolested.

Darkness had just about settled upon the mountain when Jim dismounted and tied his horse in a snug hiding-place.

He had scarcely done so when he heard a whinny close at hand.

A horse has no voice, but Jim recognized that whinny, just the same.

It came from Young Wild West's horse.

The next minute the animal came up to him and rubbed its nose against his shoulder.

Behind the stallion came Arietta's steed.

Jim quickly caught them both and tied them in the secluded spot close to his.

He was satisfied that they would not be discovered unless it was by accident, as they were in a little glen fifty yards from the road.

Then Jim examined his revolvers, and finding them all right, started parallel for the point where Wild and Charlie had ascended the hill to go in search of the men who had fired at them.

It was as dark as a pocket, but Jim knew his business.

At intervals of every thirty seconds he would pause and hold his ear flat to the ground.

By listening in that manner he could detect the least footfall within a distance of several yards.

At the end of five minutes he came to the conclusion that he must be pretty close to the spot where he had last seen his friends.

If it had not been for the fact that he had Indians to contend with, Jim would not have been so cautious.

He was lying with his ear close to the ground when he felt a jar near him.

It was repeated, and then acting on a sudden impulse, he drew his keen-edged hunting-knife.

Something told him that there was an Indian near him. The next moment a moccasined foot stepped squarely upon his leg.

There was a guttural "Ugh!" and then Jim raised himself upward and shot out his knife.

It was a chance move, but luck was with him.

A body fell forward upon him.

A single groan and a gasp, and all was still.

Jim quickly seized the body and rolled it from him.

He had been sure that it was an Indian, and his fingers told him that he was not mistaken.

He could feel the trappings that the redmen wear.

The whole thing had happened in a few seconds, and scarcely a particle of noise had been made.

Jim arose to his feet, and as he did so the faint call of a nightbird came to his ears.

"That wasn't a bird; that's the partner of this fellow," he thought.

He concluded to give an answering cry in the same manner. He did so.

The cry was repeated.

"I don't like to do it," the boy muttered. "but I must. They have sent out scouts to search for some one—probably Wild and Charlie—and I hope there are no more of them, after I fix this fellow."

Pretty soon he detected the sound of a footstep.

Then a figure loomed up right in front of him.

Jim waited till he heard a whispered exclamation in the Sioux tongue, and then he sprang forward and plunged his knife into something that quickly yielded.

There was a gasp, and then a body rolled to the ground.



A cold sweat broke out on the boy's forehead.

He did not like the idea of taking the life of even an Indian in that way, but he knew he must do it if he would protect his own and save the lives of his friends.

Not knowing what else to do, Jim remained standing in silence for the space of five minutes.

Then he decided to work his way for the point Wild and Charlie had started for.

He was just as careful as ever, and made slow progress in consequence.

After a while he came to the place where the two men had been slain in their efforts to shoot Wild and the scout.

The bodies had not been taken away.

At first Jim thought they might be his friends, and a strange feeling of uneasiness came over him.

His hands trembled as he felt over their forms to learn the truth.

He felt of their heads, and as both had worn short hair in life, he found that his fears were groundless.

A sigh of relief escaped the lips of the boy as he crept away from the spot.

Presently he could hear the confused murmur of many voices.

"I must be near the camp of the scoundrels," he muttered.

"Well, I will go as close to it as I can and see if they have got Wild and Charlie prisoners. If they have, though, I don't see what those Indian scouts were sneaking so cautiously around through the woods for."

The noise kept increasing, and finally the voice of an Indian, as though raised in oration, came to Jim's hearing.

He grew a little bolder, knowing that the band would be apt to be all attention to what was going on.

Nearer and nearer he crept, and presently he had reached a point a dozen yards from the ledge that led to the camp of the mixed band.

But as the ledge curled to the right he could not see what was going on, though the reflection of a big fire came to him.

There was a tree close by, and he calculated that if he ascended it about fifteen feet he would be able to see nicely.

But it was quite a risk to expose himself while climbing the tree, and he hesitated.

But only for a moment.

His curiosity was too strong, and he was very anxious to see if his friends were there, and if they were not to catch a glimpse of Arietta Murdock, who he knew must be.

The tree was not a difficult one to climb, and making his way noiselessly to it, he stood up and began to ascend it.

In less than half a minute he was high enough to conceal his body among the thick-leaved branches.

Once more he breathed a sigh of relief.

His movements since he left the horses had been very risky and daring.

And so far he had come out unscathed.

Higher into the branches he went, and then peering through the foliage, he found he had an excellent view of the camp.

He saw at a glance that the men were for the most part mounted and ready to leave it.

All but about a dozen Indians were on the backs of horses, and an Indian chief, whom Jim did not remember of having ever seen before, was making a speech to them.

When he had finished, who should get to the front but Dancing Dick.

He started in to tell them what a harvest they would reap that night when they rode into Weston and burned its buildings.

The rum and gold dust they would get would be an awful amount, so he stated, and in spite of the situation Jim could not help but smile.

He was thinking that it would be a miracle if the band of would-be raiders ever reached the town.

It was pretty certain that by this time a rescuing party were even now on their way in search of the captive girl and missing Wild and Charlie.

After about ten minutes, during which the chief dismounted once and went into a tepee that was more gaudy than any of the rest, the band came out of the camp over the ledge, single file.

They passed directly beneath the tree Jim was in, leaving not much more than a dozen in camp, some of whom were squaws.

Not a white man remained.

"That is good!" exclaimed Jim under his breath. "Now, if they haven't killed Wild and Charlie, this thing will turn out all right, after all."

He waited till the horsemen were out of hearing, and then cautiously descended the tree.

Jim's limit of luck had passed, it seemed, for his feet had scarcely touched the ground when he found himself in the grasp of two Indians.

He had been over-anxious to get to the ground, and they had heard the noise he made.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE INDIAN CHIEF'S LAST MOVE.

Young Wild West and Cheyenne Charlie struck off to the right when they left the vicinity of the spot where the dead renegades lay.

They made up their minds that they would have to work sharp to keep out of the clutches of the villain, but they did not want to go too far away, on account of Arietta being a prisoner.

But there was no time to stop and figure out what they were going to do.

They would have to do their figuring as they went.

Chance led their footsteps directly for the camp of the renegades and Indians.

The villains coming on behind them naturally made them think that they were being pursued.

Our two friends had not gone a great distance when they found the entrance to the camp right before them.

Then they saw the mistake they had made.

"This way!" whispered Wild, and he turned off to the right and began to crawl through the bushes up a steep ascent.

Charlie followed him, and they soon reached the top.

But then something happened that they had not counted on. The dirt caved from beneath their feet, and they went shooting down a smooth surface into a pit.

The noise made was considerable, and they tightened their grips on their revolvers as they scrambled to their feet.

But a minute passed and no one came near them.

They could hear the voices of their enemies, though not very plainly.

After a couple more minutes had flitted by it occurred to Young Wild West that they had accidentally struck a very good hiding-place.

But the question that now arose was:

Could they get out of it?

Wild began feeling about him.

In less than a minute he came to the conclusion that they were in a sort of trap.

The pit they had tumbled in was about fifteen feet deep, irregular in shape, but there was not a thing to grasp upon its wall of solid rock.

The place where they had slid down was altogether too steep and slippery to even think of climbing, and so they faced each other in the darkness for a moment and remained silent.

"My luck don't seem to be with me to-day," said Young Wild West. "If it wasn't for the fact that Arietta is a captive of that murderous gang I wouldn't care a bit. I am getting over-anxious, Charlie."

"Well, there is only one way that I kin think of to git out of here very soon," was the reply.

"What way is that?"

"If we were to fire a shot it is most likely that some of ther gang would come here an' find us."

"That is very true," answered Wild, "but it is also most likely that they would either kill or capture us in that event. So which is the best to do—fire a shot, or stay here and try and figure out some other way to get out?"

"Stay here for a while, I guess."

"That is what I think."

"We ain't near as bad off as we were that time when the road agents lowered us into that deep well-like hole, after first tying us hand an' foot."

"That is very true," answered Wild. "But you must remember that we only had ourselves to worry about that time; now, my little sweetheart is in great danger, and we don't really know what became of your wife and the rest."

"That's so," and the scout shrugged his shoulders uneasily. "It might be that ther murderous hounds captured them, too."

"I hardly think they did, though; but, still, it is possible, you know."

"You're right; it is possible. Wild, we must git out of here."

"That's it; but how?"



"You will have to think of a way; I can't."

Young Wild West sat down on the ground.

After a minute or so of meditation he struck a match, much to Cheyenne Charlie's surprise.

He was going to run the risk of having a look at the inside of the place they were in.

As the sulphur burned from the match and it settled into a steady blaze, he made a quick survey of their prison.

He looked up at first and quickly satisfied himself that the light could not be seen by any one unless they were right at the top, looking downward.

He shook his head as the match flickered and went out.

"I can't see any way to get out, unless we can do it by one of us getting upon the shoulders of the other, and then make a leap for the top."

"Well, you are a great deal more supple than I am; suppose you git on my shoulders an' try it?"

"I will. Get over here and lean against the wall. You must hold your body stiff."

"All right. I can do that easy enough."

Charlie placed himself as he was directed, and then, after removing his boots, Wild climbed nimbly upon his shoulders.

Then he made a spring upward and missed the edge of the pit by several inches.

He could not tell how close he came to it, as he could not see.

But when he came down he missed Charlie's shoulders and landed pretty heavily on the ground.

"We can't do it that way," he said. "But I think we can find a way to do it."

"How?" asked the scout eagerly.

"We must find something for you to stand on, so when I get on your shoulders I will be nearer to the top."

"But what are we going to find in here?"

"Dirt, if nothing else."

"By jingo! That's so! I never thought of that."

"We will get to work and dig up a pile with our knives."

"No sooner said than done."

They did start right in, but found it very hard digging.

They kept up a conversation in whispers as they worked away, ever and anon the hum of the voices of their enemies reaching their ears.

Wild reckoned that they must get a solid pile about two feet high before he tried it again.

Pretty soon they heard the excitement caused by the mixed band of villains as they were getting ready to start.

But the sounds were so vague that they had no real idea of what they meant.

It took fully fifteen minutes for them to get enough dirt piled up to satisfy Wild, and then after packing it down thoroughly, Charlie got upon it.

He braced himself and Wild got upon his shoulders again.

"It is now or never," thought our hero, and gathering all his muscles together, he made a leap upward.

He clutched the edge of the pit this time and held on.

And as soon as he found this out Charlie reached up and pressed his hands against the soles of the boy's feet.

Young Wild West was very strong and athletic.

In less than half a minute he had drawn himself out of the pit.

He was pretty well exhausted from his efforts, though, and for the space of half a minute he sat panting on the ground.

He must now get Cheyenne Charlie out.

But that would be a comparatively easy matter.

And so it proved to be, for Wild found a limb that had been blown from a tree, and hauled him out with it in double-quick time.

Wild put on his shoes, which his companion had brought up with him, and then they were ready for business.

Things seemed to be remarkably still around that neighborhood.

"It can't be that they have gone, kin it?" asked Charlie.

"It might be the case. But let us be careful; we don't want to run right into their midst, you know."

Young Wild West now began creeping down the hill.

Cheyenne Charlie was not far behind him, as a matter of course.

They were soon in sight of the ledge.

Now they could hear sounds of life there.

Wild ventured a little nearer.

He heard the guttural voice of an Indian squaw close at hand.

Then he heard another voice, which he recognized with a start of joyous surprise.

It was the voice of his sweetheart, Arietta Murdock.

Then a rough command in the Indian tongue was heard, and the voices ceased.

Wild was now desperate.

He made his way to the ledge and began creeping boldly along it.

His companion followed more slowly.

Six feet further and Wild would be able to see into the camp.

The six feet were soon covered.

The whole camp was now before him.

The first object that met his gaze was an Indian standing guard, not a dozen feet from him.

Then his eyes lighted on Arietta, who was standing at the side of Unawah, the hag, about ten feet to the left of the guard.

Then he saw Jim Dart bound to a tree in the center of the camp.

All this was enough to excite the coolest person on earth, but Wild did not lose control of himself at all.

He knew that if ever a time was for a person to be cool, it was now.

He took another quick survey of the camp, and saw that it was deserted, save for a very few old Indian braves and two or three squaws.

He made a motion to Charlie, who was right at his heels, and then arose to his feet.

Just as he did so the clattering of hoofs were heard close at hand.

A horseman was coming, and he appeared to be in a great hurry, by the sound of things.

As the guard pricked up his ears Wild stepped back into a niche, and drew Charlie after him.

In the gloom the guard could not discern them.

But he was looking almost directly at them, it seemed.

The next minute a horseman dashed up and passed right along the ledge into the camp.

It was Eagle Wing.

It seemed scarcely a second before a scream rang out and the chief came dashing out again.

The scream was that of a female, and Young Wild West was not slow to recognize it.

The chief had seized Arietta and was going to ride off with her.

## CHAPTER X.

### YOUNG WILD WEST'S BEST SHOT.

There was the sound of a lash and a fierce scramble of hoofs, and then the chief came riding over the ledge with Arietta clasped tightly to his bosom. The horse passed Young Wild West because he was compelled to allow it to.

If he had made a move to stop the maddened animal it would have been but to send the horse and its double burden off the ledge and down upon the beetling crags many feet below.

And if the brave young fellow had shot the Indian then both he and his struggling captive would have surely gone over.

It was a position that one seldom gets in.

If it had not been for his remarkable coolness Wild would certainly have blundered on this occasion.

He realized the whole thing as quick as a flash.

The chief must die by his hand, but not until he was safely off the ledge.

And then it would be a short that one out of a thousand could hope to make with a revolver.

The distance was not only great, but the darkness made aim uncertain in the extreme.

Wild gripped his companion's arm to prevent him from shooting as the horse dashed past.

Then he sprang out and shouted:

"Look out for the guard!"

The animal with its double burden was now fully thirty feet away, and the outlines could barely be well discerned.

But just as Wild had raised his heavy Colt's revolver the horse swung around the curve, and—

Crack!

He had aimed for the horse's eye, and instead of waiting to see the result, he turned his head.

"Charlie, that was either my best shot, or my worst one!" he gasped.

There was the thud of a heavy body falling, and the hoof-beats instantly ceased.

The bullet had been true to its mark.

Cheyenne Charlie ran straight into the camp, shooting down the Indian warriors right and left, and Young Wild West darted to the rescue of Arietta.

Eagle Wing had released his grasp on her the instant he



that his horse was shot, and having great presence of mind, Arietta made a flying leap for the ground.

She struck upon her hands and knees at the same instant the horse went down, but got out of the way to prevent the body from rolling upon her.

Eagle Wing was more fortunate, for he landed on his feet.

He was enraged at being interfered with while riding off with the beautiful paleface maiden he hoped to make his squaw, and he was full of fight.

He turned, revolver in hand, just as Young Wild West came dashing to the spot.

Crack! Crack!

The chief fired two shots, but both of them missed.

Wild was just in his element now.

He answered by shooting the red fiend in the wrist and causing him to drop his revolver.

Then as Eagle Wing sprang toward him with uplifted knife he sent a bullet crashing through his head.

That settled it, as far as the chief of the Sioux was concerned.

Wild just took time to squeeze his sweetheart to his bosom and then led her back toward the ledge.

He wanted to help Cheyenne Charlie free Jim Dart.

But he was too late, for the scout had already accomplished this and was holding the three remaining Indian braves at bay with an empty revolver, while Jim walked out of the camp a free man.

Charlie had laid the others low and used all the chambers to do it.

The Indians did not know that his revolver was empty, or they would have taken advantage of it.

In another moment all four of our friends were outside the camp.

"Come!" exclaimed Jim, "everything has turned out all right, after all. I have three horses down here a little way. Come!"

"Is one of them mine?" queried Wild.

"Yes. He came back, and that is what made me come. Your horse knew what to do more than I did, Wild."

"Spitfire is very intelligent. I shall remember him for not forsaking me to-night."

"You ought to," said Charlie. "I only wish I had a horse like that."

The Indians in the camp did not offer to pursue them a single step, and they soon reached the spot where Jim had tied the horses.

They were there, just as he had left them, and the sorrel gave a whinny of pleasure as he recognized the footstep of his master.

"Mount!" exclaimed Jim. "We will go back by the way I came, for I have an idea that we will meet the renegades and Indians coming back pretty soon. I sent word with Eloise and Anna for a posse of men to come to our help, and I heard the renegades' leader say that they were going to raid Weston as they rode out."

"That is where they were bound," spoke up Arietta. "I heard them say so."

"So Anna and Eloise got home all right, then, did they?" asked Cheyenne Charlie.

"Oh, yes," replied Jim.

"Well, now, let us see if we can't. Our trip to the circus and back has been an excitin' one, so far."

No one offered to deny this.

Wild mounted Spitfire and took Arietta on front with him.

Then he led the way to the road.

Cheyenne Charlie loaded his revolver as he rode along.

They took the route Jim had come by, and just as they reached the point where it merged on the regular road, the sounds of a running fight came to their ears.

"They have got 'em goin', I guess!" cried Cheyenne Charlie.

"Let's git where we kin see some of the fun."

"Stay right here," said Wild. "This is the best possible place we can get. They have got to pass, unless they take to the thickets."

The shooting was pretty near now, and presently our friends could hear bullets whistling through the air.

They quickly got under the shelter of a rock, and then the foremost of the would-be raiders appeared.

The Indians were leading the retreat, but there was only about half of those who started out.

Charlie raised his revolver to fire into their ranks.

"Don't," said Wild. "Wait till the renegades come along. If Dancing Dick is not dead yet I am going to make him execute his last dance."

There were only three of them left, and one was Dancing

Dick. He was putting up a reckless running fight and swearing at an awful rate.

It seemed strange that he had not been hit.

"Ha, there, Dancing Dick!" exclaimed Wild, as he allowed Arietta to slip to the ground.

At the sound of the boy's voice the villain turned and leveled his still smoking revolver.

But he never pressed the trigger.

Crack!

Young Wild West's bullet found his brain, and with a leap that seemed superhuman, the villain sprang upward out of his stirrups and fell to the ground.

Cheyenne Charlie hailed the men from Weston as they came up, and they came to a halt.

"It is all over, boys," he called out. "We are here, safe and sound, every one of us. Three cheers for Young Wild West, I say!"

The miners caught the enthusiasm at once, and they made the welkin ring with their healthy voices.

Old man Murdock and Dove-Eye Dave were among them, and so was Brown, the keeper of the Gazoo.

"I had to come with the boys," he said to Wild, "when I heard that ther postmistress was captured and that you was in danger. I remembered you for ther good turns you have done me, an' when a person once does me a good turn I wouldn't stand around and wait for any help to git him out of trouble."

"I don't know as I ever did anything particular for you," retorted Wild. "What do you refer to?"

"Well, didn't you clean out ther gamblers, an' give me a chance to get back ther business I had lost?"

"Well, perhaps I did help clean them out that time."

"An' didn't you make that gang we just cleaned up a little while ago git out of ther place ther other day, so as I could go on an' do business with honest men?"

"Oh, pshaw! Those little things are not worth mentioning, Brown."

"What you call little things are awful big ones to some people. That's why you are a born leader among men, even if you are only a boy in years."

Young Wild West felt that he ought to appreciate this compliment.

It expressed the feelings of the majority of the miners in Weston, and he knew it.

"Well, Brown," he said, "I have dropped a good many men of all colors with my rifle and revolvers, but I have never done a dirty trick in my life, if I do say it myself. I always expect to stick up for the right, and when any of you catch me doing contrary to this, just tell me of it, and I'll hold up both hands and let you shoot me."

This was heard by every one present, and another cheer went up.

Jack Robedee, who was in the crowd, now rode forward.

He acted as though he wanted to hug all hands, including Arietta.

A few minutes later they all started for Weston.

It was not so late in the evening when they got there, and when the miners heard of how near they came to being surprised by the renegades and Indians they proceeded to make merry.

## CHAPTER XI.

### CONCLUSION.

The officers of the Wild West Mining and Improvement Company had just assembled in the office the morning following the stirring events connected with the rescue of Arietta, when they saw Professor Griggs coming that way.

The old fellow seemed to be in a hurry, too, for he was coming along at a stiff gait for one of his age.

"He is coming here after his money to pay for the damage done to his balloon," said Wild.

"An' he's got blood in his eye, too," spoke up Cheyenne Charlie, with a grin.

Walter Jenkins was just going out to attend to his work at the mine, but our hero told him to wait and hear what the professor had to say.

Pretty soon there came a knock on the door.

Jack Robedee got up and opened it.

"Walk right in, old man!" he said to the professor, who was standing there.

With an angry look at him the professor obeyed.

Before our friends had a chance to greet him he walked up to Young Wild West and shook his fist under his nose.



"I want you to pay for the damage done to my balloon!" he exclaimed.

"All right," was the reply. "How much is the damage?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Oh, no! You have made a mistake, I guess, professor. It won't cost so much money as that to repair the damage I did to the silk bag. I know better than that."

"You are a fool!" retorted the man, who was fast losing his temper.

"Am I?" was the cool retort.

"You are a fool, and you know nothing about a balloon or anything else. You are an audacious boy, and I have a notion to slap your face for you."

The old man became so enraged that he made a slap at our hero's face.

Then Young Wild West took hold of him, firmly but gently. With the greatest of ease he threw him across his knee, and then while the old fellow screamed with anger he administered a sound spanking to him.

When he had given him about enough he gave a quick twist and landed the professor on his feet again.

"Now, then, if you think you can behave yourself, I will talk business with you," said Wild. "I will pay you just one hundred dollars for the damage I did to your balloon."

"I won't take it!" was the reply. "I'll go and get some one to kill you for this! I'll—"

He did not finish the sentence, but made a dart for the door and got out with amazing quickness.

Wild and the rest came out and watched the professor as he hastened toward the thickly populated portion of the town, wondering what he really meant to do.

"He is certainly crazy," observed our hero. "I never saw such a man as he is."

"Nor I, either," said Jenkins, as he wiped the blood from his nose.

The professor hurried right along, and just as he reached the first saloon on the way he saw a couple of drunken cowboys about to mount their horses.

"Hey!" he called out to them. "Do you want to make fifty dollars apiece?"

"What doin', pop?" asked one of them.

"Well, I'll pay you each fifty dollars if you will come over here with me and give Young Wild West a thrashing."

As luck would have it, the two cowboys were strangers in Weston, and neither of them had ever heard of Young Wild West.

And they had imbibed just about enough to make them ready for anything.

So when they saw the old man with the very red face pull out a roll of bills and begin to count them out, they promptly agreed to do what he wanted them to.

"What did ther feller do to you that yer want him licked for it?" asked one.

"He—he took me across his knee, and—and spanked me," was the hesitating reply.

"Ha, ha, ha!" and they laughed uproariously at this.

The professor was going to get very angry at them for this, but he thought better of it.

"Are you going to earn the money?" he said.

"Oh, yes! Hand it over, an' we'll 'tend to ther fellow what spanked you jest as soon as you show him to us."

Again they broke into a laugh.

But the old man was bound to have his revenge on Young Wild West for the treatment he had received at his hands, so he handed over the promised sum and then told the two reckless cowboys to follow him.

This they did, letting their horses walk, so they would not get ahead of him.

It so happened that all our friends but Wild and Jenkins had gone back into the office, and Jenkins was telling the young prince of the Saddle what he had written to his sweetheart in St. Louis.

Just then our hero caught sight of Professor Griggs and the two horsemen coming that way.

The professor appeared to be very much excited and jubilant or something, and he wondered what it was.

Half a minute later he found out.

"There he is!" cried the old man, pointing to Wild. "That Young Wild West! Now, you know what to do."

Our hero knew what was up.

"Yes, I am Young Wild West," he retorted, facing the two boys, who were in the act of dismounting. "What is the public may I ask?"

"Are you ther feller what spanked this old man?" questioned one of them.

"Yes, I am the person."

"Well, then, I am goin' ter do yer ther same way, so get ready for it."

"Oh! That is how it is, eh? Well, I am all ready, stranger. Start right in!"

The man did start right in, or tried to start in, rather, for he made a very bad break of it.

When he undertook to get hold of him, Young Wild West stepped nimbly to the right and tripped him up.

Then, as he got upon his feet as quickly as his intoxicated condition would allow him, he struck him a blow in the face with the back of his hand that sent him sprawling.

At this the other cowboy attempted to strike Wild from behind, but the boy was altogether too quick for him, and wheeling suddenly, hit him on the breast with his fist and sent him rolling in the dirt.

Then out came our hero's two revolvers.

"Get up, you sneaking curs!" he cried sternly. "Get up and mount—be quick!"

It was wonderful to see how quickly the men obeyed.

The usage they had received had sobered them somewhat and they got into the saddle and rode off, leaving the professor standing there the picture of amazement.

"Now, professor," said Wild, "you have had your satisfaction. I suppose you are willing to take a hundred dollars and call it square about the balloon?"

"Yes," was the unexpected reply.

"Come right in the office, then, and I'll pay you."

Professor Griggs followed Young Wild West into the office as meek as a lamb.

Wild paid over the money and made him give a receipt for it.

Then looking the old man squarely in the eyes, he said:

"Professor Griggs, I am going to give you a word of advice. It is this: Get out of Weston as quickly as you can!"

"I am going to do that," was the reply, and he did that very day.

He even went before his balloon did, but he left money to pay for shipping it.

The chances are that he learned the lesson that it was better to keep his temper than to run rampant.

Just a little before noon Wild went over to the post-office.

He had some letters to post, and he wanted to have a talk with Arietta at the same time.

As he was going in he noticed the two cowboys the professor had hired to thrash him standing in front of the Gazoo.

When the two cowards saw Young Wild West they went inside.

It occurred to our hero to go over and see how they would behave.

The two men were standing at the bar, and when they saw him enter they looked very uneasy.

Brown, who was there himself, noticed this.

"Hello, Wild!" he said. "You made the best shot of your life when you hit ther Injun chief's horse in ther eye an' saved ther pretty postmistress from bein' carried off. I've been so proud of you ever since that I've been tellin' all about it to every one that would listen."

"Thank you, Mr. Brown," retorted Wild. "Did you tell these two fellows here about it?" and he pointed to the two cowboys.

"Oh, yes! I told them all about it; an' they've been tellin' me somethin' about you, too. They didn't mean you any harm this mornin', I guess. Ther old professor gave them fifty apiece if they would give you a thrashin', an' instead of 'em thrashin' you, you sorter thrashed them. They was drunk, or they wouldn't have done it."

Wild saw that the cowboys were really harmless fellows, so after talking a few minutes with them he went to the post-office and told Arietta all about the professor, and how he had hired the cowboys to do what he couldn't do himself.

There is but little more to add to the story of Young Wild West's best shot.

About a month later the stage-coach brought two ladies to the town.

They came from St. Louis, and were Walter Jenkins' sweetheart and her mother.

There was a wedding soon after that.

Next week's issue will contain "YOUNG WILD WEST AT DEVIL CREEK; OR, HELPING TO BOOM A NEW TOWN."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.



## CURRENT NEWS

William Brown, a resident of Cascade, Washington county, Md., leads all rivals so far in a progeny contest covering this section. Brown, who is 77 years old, was the father of nineteen children, eleven of whom are living. Besides his own children, Brown has adopted two others.

A woman smuggler, known as Goldie Evans, led a band of nine men in battle against three United States immigration officials on the Mexican border, near Calexico, the other night, according to word received by Federal officials at Los Angeles. Bullets were exchanged in a running fight among the mesquite bushes of the desert. The woman, one of her followers and six Chinese whom they were trying to smuggle into the United States, were taken prisoners.

Earth tremors were reported from various places in the Merrimac Valley the other night. The disturbance was felt distinctly in Andover, North Andover and South Lawrence, but was not noticed in North Lawrence, on the other side of the Merrimac River. Haverhill also experienced a slight earthquake. No severe damage was reported. Small earthquakes have not been uncommon in this section, where geologists have noted a fault in the earth's crust.

The first bayonet charge on skis during the present war took place recently in the Vosges Mountains, near Colonel Bonhomme. A party of forty Alpine chasseurs, with two officers, had become cut off from the main body and the Germans demanded their surrender. They refused and charged down the snow-covered slope on skis right into the enemy's trenches. After a terrible struggle, during which between eighty and a hundred Germans were killed, the French party was annihilated.

Not in years has such a great quantity of ice been seen in the vicinity of the Grand Banks, according to the officers of the Minneapolis, of the Atlantic Transport line, which arrived from London, after having been hemmed in by an ice field for more than thirty hours. The ice floe was encountered early on the morning of February 8, when the Minneapolis was about four hundred miles east of Cape Race. The ice ranged in size from large cakes projecting fifteen feet above the water down to small pieces the size of a football.

Thoroughly convinced that overeating is one of the potent causes of obesity, Mrs. A. H. Barnes, a well-known resident of Stockton, Cal., has just completed a forty-five-day fast. "I have been in poor health for some time," said Mrs. Barnes, "and I undertook to get rid of my adipose tissue. My weight for the last ten years has been 220 pounds. I never varied. At the end of the fast I weighed 136 pounds. My height is 5 feet 2 inches and

my age is fifty-seven years." During the entire forty-five days, Mrs. Barnes says, she took no food whatever, and soon grew accustomed to doing without it. She broke the fast by eating an orange.

New Jersey was recently threatened with ejectment from its building in the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco unless it pays forthwith a balance of \$4,500 alleged to be due on construction account. Original contract cost was \$37,500, which seems to have been paid. The demand is for "extras" furnished by the contractors, W. Wanderson & Co., of San Francisco. This firm notified Col. Margerum, secretary of the New Jersey commission, that delay of payment will entail a suit for ejectment, and Col. Margerum passed the threat to Governor Fielder. The building is a duplicate of "Old Barracks," Trenton's famous Colonial structure. State Treasurer Grossepup and Secretary of State Crator replied to the threatening message that no further payment will be made until detailed vouchers are filed for all extras.

"Walter Johnson's prowess as a pitcher is best appreciated by those who have been in baseball a long while," said Nick Altrock recently. "Managers of rival teams recognize in Walter one of the greatest twirlers the game ever has produced, and a ball team which has a pitcher of his ability is sure to be a contender in almost any race it may enter." Despite the fact that Johnson's pitching last season was not as sensational as it had been in previous years, he nevertheless established a record which showed him to be one of the best in the league. He not only won more games than any of his rivals, but he also led in the matter of strike-outs, which ought to indicate that he is far from being all in. Griffith does not differ from other managers in his opinion of Johnson, and he would have felt in a rather bad way had he been forced to start the coming season without Johnson's services.

It has taken Europe a century and a quarter to catch up with the United States in one important feature of making war, says the Philadelphia Ledger. This is the first big European conflict in which trenches cut a real figure. German, French, Russian and English are now learning the lesson our daddies taught Howe at Bunker Hill. That was the first important occasion where trenches played a great part in battle. Americans have ever since then been as handy with the spade as the rifle. A hole in the ground is a far safer place for a soldier when shells are flying than in a steel incased or granite fort. Napoleon didn't use trenches, nor did Von Moltke, nor Wellington, nor Bluecher, nor Frederick, nor Braddock; but now the trench is the real defense. There were several other lessons in that war of '76 which some of the monarch ridden lands of Europe may learn when peace comes again.



# The Fate of Philip Funk

—OR—

## LEFT IN THE LAND OF FIRE

By "PAWNEE JACK"

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER II (continued)

Sails set, the boys remained aloft awaiting the order to return to the deck, for Mate Topham was a perfect tyrant, and to act without orders meant to start up the biggest kind of a row.

The mate, meanwhile, had taken the wheel personally, and many of the sailors had been ordered on deck.

Captain Bowers, drunk, as usual, still seemed to have sense enough to know what he was doing, for he stood quietly by the mate and never said a word.

"Are we pulling out of it, George?" asked Tom, watching the great glow of light which shone through the fog.

"I don't think it. The wind hardly amounts to anything yet, but we are going to get it. She blows hard enough outside the heads, and now it's surely beginning to shift this way."

"Look alive, there at the masthead!" bellowed Mr. Topham. "Keep a sharp lookout on the starboard bow."

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied George.

"Hello, the masthead!" called Captain Bowers thickly. "Do you hear me, boy?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Let me know the instant the fog begins to lift. The wind will shift to the sou-sou-east inside of a few minutes, and the upper layer of the fog will go first. Look alive and be ready to tell me what you see."

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied George coolly, at the same time pulling out a plug of tobacco and helping himself to a prodigious "chaw."

"You take it mighty cool," said Tom.

"What's the use of doing anything else? Besides, a fellow learns to be cool when he's at sea."

"And yet you think we are in danger?"

"In the greatest danger."

"Of going on the rocks on the Terra del Fuego coast?"

"Yes, and that means death, but we have a still greater danger to fear."

"Boarders?"

"Exactly. Those fiends come out in their canoes, and warm up on the deck like so many monkeys. I was brough the straits five years ago on the Admiral Irving, and they tried to board us. By gracions, boy, we had all wanted to do to keep them off."

"I've heard it said that they go half naked in spite of the cold climate."

"That's what they do. Just a few skins around them,

that's all. Hark! Don't you hear paddles? We must be mighty careful to keep on the alert."

"I hear something, George."

"It's only the waves on the rocks. I get onto it now. Say, Tom!"

"Hello!"

"I shall stand by you to the last, no matter what happens."

"Thank you. I can look after myself, I guess."

"Oh, but you don't know these Fugians. If you were to meet with the fate of Philip Funk——"

"Ahoy, there! Hello, the masthead! Do you feel the wind yet?" roared Mr. Topham, and once more Tom was prevented from knowing what fate Philip Funk met with, and who that mysterious individual happened to be.

"Feel it now, sir! She's just getting on the move!" shouted George.

"Knowed it!" said Mr. Topham. "Blame strange you need me to tell you your biz when you're the only sailor on the ship! Never in all my life did I run with such a lot of dear blessed haymakers, etcetera, etcetera," only Mate Topham did not call his haymakers "dear" and "blessed" by any means, for that was not at all in Mr. Topham's style.

"The fog is lifting, sir," shouted George a minute later.

"Now I do really hear paddles!" cried Tom.

"So do I," replied George. "Wait a minute. Let's make sure"

They strained their ears to listen.

Great masses of vapor were sweeping away to the westward over their heads.

Suddenly the moon, now at the full, came out in all her glory, showing Tom a wonderful panorama of mountains towering heavenward in the distance on the south, and high rocky bluffs on the north, with mountains still higher in the distance on both sides.

They were very close to the Terra del Fuego shore now.

There on a broad bluff an immense bonfire of logs and wreckage burned, not forty feet distant from the ship.

Dozens of queer little folks were dancing about it, poking it up with long poles.

They were naked, except for a few bits of skin flung carelessly about them.

Dwarfs they were, every one, the tallest not seeming to be over four feet high. They had long arms and big heads, covered with dense masses of shaggy hair. All were yelling like so many wild beasts.



"Look out for boarders!" shouted George. "The Fugians are onto us, sir!"

The sound of paddles was terribly distinct now.

Another moment and the last remnant of the fog had blown away.

There they were, ten canoe loads at the least, making straight for the Sutton.

Seeing that they were discovered, they joined in the wild cries of their friends by the fire, and paddled harder than ever toward the ship.

### CHAPTER III.

#### ON THE ROCKS.

"All hands to the deck!" yelled Mr. Topham. "Get ready to repel boarders. You'll have to fight now, boys, if you value your lives!"

George and Tom lost no time in tumbling out of their perch.

Mr. Topham, rough as he was, proved himself a man of action rather than words.

Like most ships of her class and time, the E. W. Sutton carried a small arsenal on board, of which Captain Bowers kept the key.

As well as his condition would permit, the captain made his way down the cabin stairs, and, opening up the arsenal, gave George, who had followed him, cutlasses and a revolver for each man.

"Get on deck with them," he said thickly. "I'm sick, and I shall have to take a dose of medicine before I can do much fighting. Tell Mr. Topham to—to—— Never mind. I'll come along in a minute and tell him myself."

George's back was no sooner turned, and Tom, who was helping him with the cutlasses and revolvers, had not fairly time to get up the cabin stairs, when Captain Bowers, staggering to a locker in one side of the cabin, opened a door and took out a huge leather wallet filled with papers and stuffed it into his coat pocket. Then from another compartment he took out a rum bottle and, filling a tumbler, turned the fiery dose down his throat at one gulp.

"Dutch courage! Dutch courage!" he muttered. "Well, it's better than no courage at all. Philip Funk! Philip Funk! Heaven, save me from the fate of Philip Funk!"

Tom heard the words from the top of the cabin stairs, for they were spoken in no low tone of voice, but rather shouted out, as though the man was consumed by a terrible fear.

Mr. Topham was very quiet now.

All his blow and bluster seemed to have left him.

"Give me a revolver, George," he said, "and a cutlass, too, boy. Tom, you take a cutlass. You can use it to better advantage. Dodge the arrows the best you can, boys; they say they are poisoned. George, you can handle the revolver. Where's the skipper? Guzzling in the cabin. I'll be bound! Four more canoes putting out! We are right up against it. Stand shoulder to shoulder now, my

lads! On the alert! Repel boarders! At 'em! At 'em! The time has come!"

It had!

The Fugian dwarfs from the Land of Fire were already surrounding the ship.

Other canoes were joining them. Altogether there were as many as twenty close to the Sutton and on the way from the shore.

The fire on the bluff made it all as bright as day, and Tom had no trouble in seeing all that was going on.

A shower of arrows flew up from the canoes.

George, Mr. Topham, Jeff Monroe, the colored cook, and two or three others returned a smart fire.

Several of the Fugians went over into the water dead or wounded, it was hard to tell which.

This, however, did not deter the others. They came swarming up on the deck despite all efforts to prevent them; they came by the martingale, by the rudder chains, often standing on each other's shoulders in the toppling canoes in order to get a hold on the bulwarks.

It was like a swarm of ants.

The banging of revolvers and the shouts of the sailors could not stay them; in fact, did not seem to disturb them in the least.

The time had come for active business and fighting in close quarters.

"Repel boarders!" bawled Mr. Topham. "Ready, boys!"

Tom and George rushed into the fray, striking right and left at the strange black heads which were projected over the ship's rail.

In close quarters now, the Fugians fought with little spears, which they threw at the sailors, wounding several.

Tom fought like a tiger, and many were the dwarfs he drove back.

"Kill 'em! Kill 'em! Kill 'em!" bellowed Mr. Topham.

"Aye, kill 'em! Kill all the black demons!" Captain Bowers' dismal voice echoed. "Beware of the fate of Philip Funk!"

The words were scarcely spoken, when the ship, unguided now, drifted upon a sunken ledge of rock, striking with terrible force and keeling all over on the port side.

Many of the sailors were thrown down with the dwarfs, sprawling on top of them.

Captain Bowers measured his length on on the deck, and was too drunk to recover his feet again.

Mate Topham met with a worse fate than any, for the force of the shock threw him over the side, and as he rose to the surface he was seized by the Fugians and dragged into one of their canoes.

It looked as if the day was all lost, for the deck now swarmed with the ugly black dwarfs, the "haymakers," frightened half out of their wits, having retreated well astern.

"It's all day with us, Tom, if we don't make a break!" cried George. "You take it on the starboard side, while I go to port. Rally those cowards! Rally them, for heaven's sake!"

(To be continued)



## ITEMS OF INTEREST

### A BOY'S LONG WALK.

A Toledo youth, Starl Cronley, started on October 25, 1907, to walk around the border of the United States. He finished his little jaunt on November 15, 1909. He says he walked twelve thousand eight hundred and twenty miles, and he shows the signature of more than twelve hundred postmasters on his traveling register.

### GERMAN WARSHIPS STILL AT LARGE.

In spite of the sweeping operations of the combined British, French and Japanese navies, four of the armed ships of the Germans are still at large. The fast cruiser "Dresden," which escaped from the battle off the Falkland Islands, is supposed to be somewhere in the Pacific, where also the auxiliary cruiser "Prince Eitel Freidrich" was last reported. In the Atlantic (presumably in the West Indies or somewhere on the northeast coast of South America) are the fast cruisers "Karlsruhe" and the auxiliary cruiser "Kronprinz Wilhelm." Since most of these vessels have recently made no captures, or none that have reported, it is presumed that they are in hiding in sheltered bays or possibly, like the "Koenigsberg," in some river difficult of access or observation.

### HORSE 38 YEARS OLD.

"His name is Captain, but I'm calkalin' t' change it t' Methuselah," said W. H. Phillips, of Oconto, Wis., speaking of a little horse which has given him service for more than twenty years, and which he personally knows to be several months past 38. The average life of a horse is about fourteen years.

Captain, little sorrel Indian pony, is taking life easy now. He is comfortably stabled, carefully fed, coddled and petted. In the spring he will be given free run of a large pasture, where he can disport himself almost as freely as did his wild forebears.

"I've sold him three times, and given him away once," said Mr. Phillips, "but nobody can buy him now. He has been in more than 100 runaways and I believe he'd run away right now if he was given a chance. He is perhaps the oldest horse in the world and I'll keep him as long as he lives."

### GERMAN WAR CHEST AT FRONT.

The outfit of a German army paymaster and the system of finance prevailing among the armies at the front are interesting details of the German fighting machine.

Every army corps has a war chest, which is maintained even in times of peace. In charge are a paymaster, several bookkeepers and a number of attendants. Three large transports, especially constructed to carry the war chest and its guardians, are even in times of peace constantly kept in working condition.

When the mobilization order is issued the war chests are filled with currency and paper money, which are issued to the paymaster in charge by the Reichsbank, or any of its branches. The amount of a war chest's contents varies according to the strength of the army corps which it is to supply with money during the operations, but it usually amounts to several million marks and consists of copper, silver and gold currency in small denominations and of paper bills of various denominations.

The headquarters of the army corps are also the headquarters of the paymaster and the precious war chest. The demands made upon the war chests are heavy. It has been an ironclad rule during the present war that everything consumed or requisitioned by the troops should be paid for in cash. The soldiers themselves are being paid at regular intervals. Provisions are paid for in spot cash. The rolling stock must be repaired, horses provisioned, and a thousand and one little things come up which necessitate the paying out of cash money.

In due course of time even a million or two are exhausted by constant demands. How are the funds of the war chest replenished? How is it kept in a condition to meet the ever-present demands? The methods employed by the German authorities are very simple.

All money which is sent by soldiers at the front to their relatives and friends at home remains with the paymaster, who sends an order to the postmaster in the city to which the money was consigned, authorizing him to pay the amount to the addressee. Money which is sent from relatives in the interior to soldiers at the front is actually sent. In this way and with the assistance of confiscated moneys or levied tributes the strong box in the field is constantly replenished and provided with the funds to maintain the vast military machine of which it is one of the most important parts.

The war chest is heavily guarded day and night by infantry sharpshooters and by detachments of cavalry. As it is always located with the headquarters of the General Staff, a good many miles behind the firing line, it is reasonably safe from attack and capture by the enemy.

In times of peace every little detail in the form of checking systems and devices for accounting is worked out to perfection so that the work of the paymaster and his assistants in the field is comparatively free from friction and time-wasting accounting. Sums are paid out upon requisitions and orders from headquarters. They are entered in the books and the checking is done by the stay-at-homes in Berlin, which is the clearing-house for the financial transactions of the German army.

If sums of money are captured from the enemy the coins are sent to Berlin, melted and cast into German currency and re-shipped to the front. If paper money is captured or confiscated it remains in the strong box of the paymaster until after the war, when it is exchanged for currency by the country which originally issued it.



# DICKERING DICK

—OR—

## THE LUCKY BOY TRADER

By DICK ELLISON

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER XIX (continued)

The brute sprang at him, rising and placing both fore-paws on his breast, and then snapped at his face.

Dick seized him by the throat and held him with all the strength he could throw into his grasp. The dog tried to bite his arm, but it so happened that Dick was wearing an overcoat that day; hence he got a mouthful of cloth without any meat in it.

Dick knew that his life depended upon his keeping his grip. He swept the brute's hind feet from in under him with his right foot, thus getting him on his back. Then he pressed his entire weight upon him, holding him to the ground and entirely cutting off his wind.

The dog could then use nothing but his feet, and they did but little damage.

The dog's owner stood quietly in the door of his hut and looked on without offering any assistance; so Dick held his grip until the dog ceased to struggle.

He was literally choked to death.

The dog's owner was as vicious as the brute, for, knowing that Dick was unarmed, he coolly shut the door of his hut and left them to fight it out.

Dick held to his grip until he was sure that the dog was dead.

Then he went to the door of the little house, rapped on it, and called out:

"Say, come out here and see to your dog."

The old man wouldn't answer his call.

"All right," said Dick, "I am going to have you arrested for setting him on me," and with that he turned away.

Dick was not aware at the time that there was a witness of the affair, but there were two women, not more than a hundred yards away, wives of railroad men, who were out in the woods together, looking for wildflowers.

As Dick turned away and started back toward the railroad, one of the women called to him:

"Dick Doubleday, are you hurt?"

"Only a few scratches," he answered. "Did you see him set the dog upon me?"

"Yes, we both saw him, and heard him call to the dog and say, 'Sick him.'"

"All right. I am glad you did, for I want to prosecute him."

"I would, were I you," said the woman.

Dick knew her by sight, as well as her name.

He at once went to Lawyer Hackett's office and told

his story, giving the names of the two women as witnesses.

"Dick, do you mean to tell me that you killed that dog without any weapon whatever?"

"Yes, I had nothing in the world with me but a pocket-knife, and I had no chance to draw that."

"Why, I know that dog. He is almost as heavy as you are, and ought to have torn you to pieces."

"Well, he would, but I happened to get a good grip on his throat which I held to, to keep from being badly torn, and when I got him on the ground, I put my whole weight into the grip, and choked him to death. I got several severe scratches on the left side of my face here, as you can see, but that was all the injury I received. It was a most outrageous thing."

"Indeed it was, and an extremely narrow escape. I am astonished at old Crawford."

"Yes; for he never offered any assistance, or even tried to call the dog off, that I could hear."

Hackett at once applied for a warrant for the old squatter's arrest, and an hour later the sheriff had him in custody.

He stoutly denied that he had set the dog on Dick, or even knew anything about it, as he was inside the cabin.

As he could not give bail, he was locked up in the county jail.

The affair created quite a sensation. It was an almost unheard-of thing that a seventeen-year-old youth should seize such a dog as Crawford's beast was by the throat and choke him to death, and scores of people went to see the dead brute lying where Dick had fought him.

The two women were interviewed and the story they told corroborated Dick's story.

Dick himself was almost prostrated by the shock he had received, and whilst congratulations were tendered him by all acquaintances, expressions of strong indignation were uttered against the owner of the dog.

It turned out that several railroad men had heard him make threats against young Doubleday, who notified him that he would have to vacate the little home he was occupying free of rent.

It was a little one-room house which he had taken possession of four years before by the consent of the former owner of the property, who required him to only see that no depredations on the timber were made.

Dick went home to assist his mother in looking after the cows, chickens and pigs on the place, which had for some time been his daily task.



The left side of his face had three or four severe scratches on it, and when she saw him, his mother was greatly alarmed.

She apprehended hydrophobia, and at once sent for a physician.

"Mother," he said, "the dog's teeth never touched me. It is scratches that I got from his paws only. He tried to bite my arm when I got hold of his throat, but my overcoat saved me. He tore the sleeve badly enough, as you can see."

The doctor examined the scratches closely and said that no harm would come of them.

"Still, Mrs. Doubleday believed that hydrophobia could come from a scratch of a dog's paws as well as from his teeth.

Many of Dick's old schoolmates called at the cottage to see him. They expected to see him in bed, badly hurt, but instead of that he was out in the lot looking after the cows and pigs.

"Yes, grandfather had a cane, but I had nothing but my bare hands."

Greatly to Dick's surprise, the old man came down to the cottage to see him.

It was the first time he had ever passed the threshold of the little home.

His mother was so overjoyed at seeing him that she ran, threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears.

The old man walked into the cottage, when Dick greeted him with:

"Hello, grandpop, I am ahead of you on dog-fights, for I killed my dog and yours got away."

"Shut up! you young rascal," the old man blurted out, "but tell me how much hurt you are."

"Nothing but a few scratches. The dog never once got his teeth into my meat. But I can tell you, I never want to get into another fight like that."

"What in the world did the old villain mean by setting the dog on you?"

"Oh, he was mad because I told him he would have to move out, as I intended to have the place surveyed and streets run through it. He abused me and said he would see me dead first, and then called to the dog 'sic him.' He came at me as if to tear me to pieces. I knew that if I turned to run he would bury his teeth in my legs. I stood perfectly still, and he rose up, put his forepaws against my breast, and snapped at my throat, and when I got hold of him, I held on to him. Old Crawford slammed the door of his hut, and didn't even try to call the dog off."

"He ought to be hanged!" exclaimed the old deacon.

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed the boy's mother, "he ought to be punished to the full extent of the law."

"Well, you can bet that he will be," said Dick. "I told Mr. Hackett to give him just as much as the law will allow."

The deacon examined the scratches on the left side of his face with a good deal of interest.

"Father," Dick's mother asked, "is there any danger of hydrophobia from a dog's claws?"

"No, I think not, at least I never heard of such a thing. But what did the doctor say about it?"

"Oh, he said that there was no danger whatever."

"Well, I guess he is right," and the old man looked around the room as though trying to see what degree of comfort existed in the little cottage.

It was the first time that he had ever been in the house.

"Father," said Dick's mother, "I want you to see my cows, pigs and chickens," and she led him out to the back yard, down to the little barn, and, in much delight, she showed him her prize possessions.

## CHAPTER XX.

### HOW DICK AND HIS GRANDFATHER BECAME FRIENDS.

The old deacon was highly pleased at everything he saw on his widowed daughter's place. He was particularly interested in the five-gallon cow, and he asked her if it was really true that she yielded so much milk.

"Yes, father," she answered, "for I measure every quart of it, and it is the richest milk you ever saw; just think, father, that everything on the place is paid for, as well as the place itself. No mother ever had such a son as I have. He gives everything to me. He keeps nothing for himself."

"Yes, yes. So your mother told me. But he hasn't been so good to his grandfather."

"Now, father, Dick has a good deal of your temperament, and you shouldn't find fault with him for that. He has loved you just about as much as you ever loved him."

"Well, I never played any tricks on him. I didn't swindle him out of any ten dollars."

"Father," she laughed, "I scolded him about that and tried to get him to return you that money, but he laughed and said that he wanted to convince you that your grandson was about as sharp as you were."

"Well, he convinced me," the old man laughed, "and I must say, that he is very much such a boy as I was when I was his age, but he has made money a great deal faster than I did."

"Father, he is the luckiest boy in the world. He hasn't made a losing trade since the day he traded that dog to Farmer Jones."

"Yes, yes. So I hear. I have made a good many bad trades in my day; but he cut me out of a good trade, for I intended to take the Baldwin place myself."

"Well, he didn't know you had a mortgage on that place when he bought it, father."

"Oh, it is all right. I am not blaming him, because everybody looks out for himself nowadays."

The old man returned to the house, and, after telling Dick to take care of himself, left to return to his own home.

Mrs. Doubleday dropped into a rocking chair, and, covering her face with her hands, burst into tears. She was so overjoyed at her father's visit that she could not help it.

(To be continued)



## TIMELY TOPICS

Two freak kittens belonging to the home of John Mann, who resides a short distance west of Bay Minette, Ala., are attracting considerable attention. The kittens have many characteristics of the rabbit and appear to be a cross between a cat and a rabbit. They have front feet with claws of a cat and hind feet with those of a rabbit. In moving about, they hop as does a rabbit and their "meouw" is more like a grunt or a faint bark.

Two years ago Oddy Crouch was inducted into the office of town marshal of Nashville, Ind., with great acclaim. His salary was to be \$1 a week and \$5 for every arrest he made. Oddy thought he was going to make a fortune. Recently he resigned in disgust. In the two years he had been marshal of Nashville he had made one arrest, netting him \$5. "They are too dangd good in Nashville," said Oddy. "I'm going to Chicago to be a detective. Their's the boys that get the money."

Melvin W. Sheppard, Olympic hero and former middle distance champion runner, recently announced his retirement from track athletics. Sheppard received a heavy fall and painful injury when a board in the Garden floor gave way during the running of a race. Sheppard has been competing since 1902, and he quits the cinder path after thirteen years of championship running. During that time he has won countless titles and prizes. He was the hero at several Olympiads.

City Hospital physicians used an oiled tube to dislodge a piece of bone from the esophagus of Joseph Schneider, No. 6634 Gravois Road. The obstruction was pushed into his stomach, where it is expected to be dissolved without necessitating an operation. Schneider was eating pig's feet at the High Roller Fishing Club, Main and Desperance streets, St. Louis, one Sunday morning, when a piece of bone about two inches long lodged in his throat. On the advice of a physician he went to the hospital. He will have to live on liquid food until the bone is dissolved.

Edward Gottlieb, of Muncie, Ind., has a shepherd dog which, for intelligence, he believes cannot be surpassed. It is not unusual for the animal to bring home things that he finds in the streets, but the other day it surpassed all its previous endeavors by coming home with a brand new \$1 bill in its mouth. It is said the dog picked up the money in South Walnut street, in the center of the business district. Mr. Gottlieb is now endeavoring to find the person that lost the money. "Shep does not mean to be dishonest," said his owner, "but he thinks that everything of value he sees should belong to me."

"Number, please," said central at 4 o'clock the other morning, in Oshkosh, Wis. "Woof, woof, woof," was the answer. Then there came a banging at the subscriber's

end of the local telephone line. A long-drawn howl, more barking, and then silence. Central was surprised at such an early call, though Fred Peters's collie has been taught to bark over the phone. The dog's antics worried her, but she called through the phone "Good old Prince." The dog barked and howled again. The hello girl, convinced there was trouble, called the fire department, which arrived in time to find the Peters attie in flames, with Peters nearly unconscious from smoke.

The strange death which closed the career of Æschylus, the dramatic poet, was by means of a tortoise. The legend regarding it states that, being troubled by a prediction that he would be killed by a falling house, he betook himself to the open fields, and, as he lay asleep on a bank, an eagle, hovering far above him, dropped a tortoise it had in its talons upon the bald, white head of the poet, mistaking it for a rock, on which the hard shell of the tortoise would be broken, that its flesh might be eaten. Æschylus was born in Eleusis, an ancient city of Greece, 525 B. C., and died at the age of sixty-nine. He was the author of seventy dramatic works, most of them tragedies.

The strange record of two London spinsters who collected and either put to death or placed in "comfortable homes 479,000 cats was revealed in the surrogate's court. Two cat protective societies in London are contestants for a share of a \$300,000 estate left by Miss Elizabeth G. Ewen. Miss Ewen died in New York more than a year ago. Among the London witnesses whose testimony is quoted was Miss Elizabeth Clegg, a friend of Miss Kate Cording, founder of one of the claimant institutions. In 1898, Miss Clegg testified, Miss Cording had made daily journeys on a bicycle picking up cats. Miss Clegg herself became interested and bought a bicycle with a basket attachment. She and Miss Cording, up to the time of the latter's death, collected and disposed of the 479,000 cats.

The United States Bureau of Fisheries is making a study of the large body of water known as Lake Cooper, which has recently come into existence as a result of the construction of the great Keokuk Dam, on the Mississippi. In its general physical characteristics it resembles Lake Pepin, a natural expansion in the course of the same river in Wisconsin and Minnesota. Lake Pepin is more productive in its fisheries than any other part of the Mississippi. It is thought that with proper treatment the new lake will become equally valuable, and will be made to serve a useful purpose supplemental to its use for hydro-electric power generation. In the same connection a study has been made of the effects of the dam and locks on the movements of migratory fishes, in the hope of adding to knowledge respecting the general principles of a successful and efficient fishway.



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## GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

Harry Gosz was struck in the side by a pitched ball during an amateur baseball game in St. Louis the other day, and died a moment later. This is said to be the first fatal baseball accident of the year.

The largest well in the world, which has required two years to build and cost \$50,000, has just been completed at the stock yards, Chicago, Ill. With a depth of 1,625 feet and a diameter of 16¼ inches at the bottom its flow exceeds 3,000,000 gallons a day. A supplementary bore will increase this to 7,000,000 gallons.

A flying fish, a specimen of the trout family, taken from a stream in Hartland by Elmer Parsons, of Riverton, Conn., is attracting attention in the postoffice there, where it is on exhibition in a long, narrow tank of water. The fish, unless a cover is kept on the tank, takes occasional flights. It flattens its large fins like a wing, thus obtaining locomotive power.

Bound fast to chairs with their suspenders, the cashier and his assistant of the Farmers' State Bank at Medicine Lake, Mont., were compelled to witness the looting of the bank by two masked robbers, who carried away \$2,500. The robbers, both young men, appeared at the bank a few minutes after it had opened and took the bank officials by surprise. They rode away on horseback. It is thought they are headed for Canada through the Fort Peck reservation.

Emma Calve, who is remembered as a famous Carmen in Bizet's opera at the Metropolitan, New York City, recently signed a contract with the Palace Theater to make her debut there. Her salary is to be the biggest ever paid an artist in vaudeville in America. Unofficially it is said to be \$5,000 a week, and while this may be an exaggerated estimate a conservative one would be between \$3,000 and \$4,000. Negotiations have been on between the singer and the Palace for more than a year. A suite of dressing-rooms will be fitted up especially for the star's use. Her program will contain some of the selections from "Carmen."

A snake farm where the reptiles are provided with concrete houses is an odd institution maintained by the government of Brazil at Sao Paulo, says Popular Mechanics. It serves the double purpose of providing a supply of material for the production of serum antidote for snake bites and of educating the public to the fact that all snakes are not venomous. The "farm" is surrounded by a concrete wall high enough to keep the snakes from crawling out, but low enough for visitors to see over. Inside the wall is a water-filled trench, also lined with concrete, while concrete walks connect the snake houses. At night the snakes are herded into these dome-shaped structures and the doors are closed. In the morning an attendant wakes up the reptiles by prodding them with a stick through a hole in the door, after which the doors are removed and the snakes come out for their morning bath in the trench.

## GRINS AND CHUCKLES

"I'm afraid she isn't cut out for a society woman." "Why not?" "Well, she seems to have no idea of the pleasures of extravagance."

First Statesman—You have, sir, absolute confidence, then, in the people? Second Statesman—I have, sir. I have made all my money out of them.

"Did you tell Clarence you would cut him off without a cent if he married that girl?" "No," answered the wise father, "the idiot would marry her in spite of that. I told the girl."

"Boy, why did you give me the signal to duck out of my office yesterday afternoon; did you not know that the lady inquiring for me was my wife?" "Yes, sir; that was why."

"Do you think that there is luck in a rabbit's foot?" "Not as much as dar is in a chicken's foot," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "provided de res' er de animal is attached."

Mistress—Bridget, don't you think you can get along without so much company? I am sure no one else would stand it. Bridget—Sure, ma'am, that's why Oi'm staying wid ye.

Tess—Yes, he called to see me last night, and of all the clumsy men— Jess—Oh, I know him. Isn't he a bird? Tess—No, he isn't, but he seemed to think he was last night. He sat on my hat.

Newly-made Bride—Mamma says she does not think we will ever quarrel as she and papa do. Groom—Never, dearest. Newly-made Bride—No; she says you will be much easier to manage than papa was.

"That new waitress must go," said the landlord of the select boarding-house. "What has she done?" "Why, when she was to ask the guests if they would have tea or coffee she said 'Name yer drink order.'"



## THE CHASE.

By D. W. Stevens

"Please, Lieutenant Howard, may I go ashore, sir?"

And the cabin-boy of the armed American schooner "Red Wing" touched his tarpaulin politely, and looked up into the face of Ralph Howard, pleadingly.

"Why, Bianca, have you friends in Havana?" asked the lieutenant, gazing upon the neat, manly-looking, and handsome boy with a smile.

"No, sir; only I would like to try and find some one."

"All right; but be back by four bells, as Havana is a bad city for boys to remain out late in."

And the officer ordered his coxswain to put the boy ashore.

But Bianca was not gone two hours when he returned in a shore boat, as white as a ghost, trembling violently, while he said, pleadingly:

"Please, Lieutenant Howard, let me see you a minute in the cabin, sir."

"My boy, what ails you?" asked the kind-hearted lieutenant.

And he led the way into the cabin, the youth closely following.

"I'll tell you, sir; I just saw the man that made me a wanderer—that made me a cabin-boy, for I was well-born, Lieutenant Howard, and my parents were very rich."

"I do not doubt it, Bianca, for you have the air of a born gentleman; but tell me what it is that troubles you, and who it is that has wronged you?"

"Well, sir, I must begin by telling you that my grandfather, a Virginian of wealth, living on the James River, left his property to his eldest son, my father, cutting off a younger son, a wild, reckless young man, as I have heard my father say, with a few thousand, but making his will so that in case my father died, or had no children, then the one he disinherited was to get the estate. Now, Mr. Howard, every one believed that my uncle was dead, for he never even answered the lawyer's letter about the little money left him, and we were living in happiness upon our plantation, my parents, my sister Maud and myself, until three years ago, when one day I was out on the river in my skiff.

"Maud, who is two years my senior, was with me, and we saw a schooner coming down the stream under light sail.

"As she drew nearer her skipper hailed and asked me to come on board, and pilot him around the bend, if I knew the channel, and, knowing it well, I readily consented, for it was a dangerous place to run if the shoals were not known.

"We went on board the schooner, and my skiff was taken in tow; and, under an excuse to examine a chart, the man asked us to come into the cabin, and we were seized and bound.

"Mr. Howard, that man who had so cleverly kidnaped us was our uncle; and he made himself known, and plainly told us that he intended to get us out of the way, then kill our parents and claim grandfather's estate.

"When we were allowed to come on deck, we were at sea, and some time after we ran into a small seaport in the West Indies, and I made a bold effort to escape, and sprang overboard, though we were a long distance from the land.

"He saw me jump and fired upon me, and I uttered a shriek and sunk quickly, and he believed I was dead; but I reached the shore after a hard swim, and feeling sick I asked shelter at a cabin. It was long weeks before I left the little home, for I was very ill; and then I went in search of that man and tried in every port in the West Indies to find trace of his vessel, but could hear nothing of it, or of him; and at last I worked my way back to Virginia to see my parents to whom I had written.

"It was night when a packet brig landed me at the pier near our home, and I met there one of our old servants, and from him I heard a sad story, for my mother, never very strong, believing us drowned in the river, had died of a broken heart, and my father shortly after had been killed, it was said, by a runaway slave he had punished, some time before.

"And, to my surprise, my letters had not been received, so I was convinced that some devilish work was being perpetrated by my wicked uncle, and telling the faithful old negro not to speak of my having come home, I again set forth to find the man who had so wronged us, and who, for many reasons, I felt sure was in some large seaport in the West Indies.

"Finding that you were to sail for Havana, sir, I sought a berth on board, and to-day in the city I saw and recognized my uncle. He was in a volante and drove rapidly towards the harbor, but I followed as fast as I could, and saw him go on board a schooner, which at once got under way, and has gone to sea.

"Then I hastened here, sir, and, oh, Lieutenant Howard, pursue that schooner and capture that man."

"Bianca, I will do so, and if it is really your uncle, as he is an American, I will put him in irons and carry him to the United States for trial when we return; but heaven grant he has not killed your poor sister," said the lieutenant.

"Heaven grant it, sir; but, Mr. Howard, the schooner is the same that he had when I was with him, and she is a rapid sailer."

"All right, Bianca, I——"

"My name is Mark Meredith, sir, for I assume that of Bianca."

"Very well, my boy; we will at once go in chase."

And ascending to the deck, the lieutenant gave orders to up with the anchor and spread all sail.

The men saw that something strange was in the wind, and sprang to their work with a will, and away dashed the swift schooner in chase of the kidnaper's craft, now two leagues ahead.

As though possessing a guilty conscience, when he saw an armed schooner in chase, the kidnaper spread all sail, and it came down to a question of speed; but Ralph Howard drove his vessel on with every inch of canvas set, and after several hours' chase after dark, drew near enough for



his fore-castle pivot-gun to be brought into use, and the third shot brought the chase to an end.

"I will board her, Mark, and you remain here," said Lieutenant Howard.

And ten minutes after he was on the deck of the schooner, and was met by a tall, dark-faced man, who said sternly:

"Well, sir, why is an honest American schooner brought to a stop in this fashion?"

"We are not certain you are so honest, sir. What craft is this, what is your name and whither bound?" was the lieutenant's cool response.

"It is the Sea Eagle, in the fruit trade between Havana and Baltimore, and I am her captain, and my name is Vernon Meredith."

"Then you are the man I wish; please accompany me on board my vessel."

Remonstrances were useless, and the captain of the frigate soon found himself in the cabin of the Red Wing, and Ralph Howard called out:

"Bianca, is this the man?"

The cabin-boy came out of a stateroom, and said, grimly:

"Yes, sir, it is my uncle, Vernon Meredith."

The man started at the sight of the boy, and turned deadly pale, while he made a motion as if to draw a weapon.

But Lieutenant Howard's pistol already covered him, while he said:

"You are my prisoner, sir, and if you do not answer me I will hang you within the hour. Where is this boy's sister?"

"She is dead," was the sullen reply.

And Mark gave a groan.

"You lie! Quick, tell me where she is?"

"In Havana."

"Ah, and you will lead us to her!"

"No, not unless you give me my freedom for it."

"I shall not do that, nor will I ask you to be our guide. Bianca, have the crew of this man's schooner brought on board at once."

The order was quicker obeyed, and by threatening to have them hanged, one at last told where the home of his captain was, and that he kept there, under close guard, a young girl, who, he said, was his daughter, and that she was crazy.

"Now, Mr. Meredith, you are doubtless the owner of your schooner, and it is in the fruit trade; but you have used that blind to possess yourself of your brother's wealth, and I shall carry you in irons to the United States and place your mate in command of your vessel."

And the lieutenant gave orders for the trading schooner to at once keep on with her cargo, while the captain and the man who was to betray him were ironed and carried back to Havana, where Mark Meredith and his commander were taken to the home of Vernon Meredith, and discovered Maud, held a prisoner in her room, under the plea that she was mad.

To describe the meeting between the brother and his

beautiful sister would be impossible, so I will merely state that Maud and Mark returned to America in the Red Wing as the guests of its handsome young commander, and that they at once took possession of their beautiful home, while Vernon Meredith ended his life upon the scaffold, it having been proven that he had killed his brother, and been guilty of many other crimes.

And to add to the romance of the cabin-boy's story, Maud Meredith became the wife of Lieutenant Ralph Howard.

## INDIANS CAME FROM ASIA.

That the American Indians had their origin in Eastern Asia and the Polynesian Islands is asserted by Dr. Arles Hrdlicka, curator of the division of physical anthropology in the National Museum, Washington, D. C., in an article in the Journal of Heredity. Dr. Hrdlicka reviews all the theories that have been advanced on this subject and analyzes minutely the physical characteristics of our aborigines.

"Which, among the different peoples of the globe, does the Indian as here characterized most resemble?" he asks and answers.

"There is a great stem of humanity which embraces people ranging from yellowish-white to dark-brown in color, with straight, black hair, scanty beard, hairless body, brown, often more or less slanting eyes, prevalently mesocephalic (broad and flat), nose, medium alveolar prognathism (large teeth, making the jaws protrude), and in many other essential features much like the American native; and this stem, embracing many nationalities and tribes, occupies the eastern half of the Asiatic continent and a large part of Polynesia.

"From the physical anthropologist's point of view, everything indicates that the origin of the American Indian is to be sought among the yellowish-brown peoples mentioned. There are no two large branches of humanity on the globe that show closer fundamental physical relations.

"The circumstances point strongly to a coming, not strictly a migration, after the glacial period, and over land, ice, water, or by all these media combined, from Northeastern Asia, of relatively small parties, overflows of the Far Eastern populations of that time, and to the peopling of America by the local multiplication of man thus introduced, to comings repeated probably nearly to the beginning of the historic period."

Dr. Hrdlicka believes the Polynesian migrations were much more recent, probably within the last 2,000 years, and were accidental, as were those of the parties of whites that may have reached the continent from the East. And both of these quickly blended with the earlier and already semi-civilized immigrants.

These Asiatics spread over the vast virgin continent, rapidly differentiating through isolation and other natural conditions into tribes each with its own language. The small parties of Polynesians and whites influenced the culture of the Americans only locally and, so far as we know, nowhere modified the native population.



## NEWS OF THE DAY

Mrs. C. J. Kruse, wife of the M. E. minister at St. Johns, Mich., narrowly escaped electrocution when she attempted to wash an electric light bulb with a wet towel. As both hands touched the bulb she was drawn from the floor by the strength of the current which passed through her body, and the circuit was not broken until the cord parted. She was badly bruised by falling against the bathtub, and her wrist was sprained. Both hands were burned.

Cupid got doubly busy at the home of Nathaniel H. Embody, a spry widower, of Pottstown, Pa., when both he and his daughter Katherine took marital vows. Nearly one hundred guests witnessed the ceremonies in the gayly decorated Embody home. Embody's bride was Mrs. Ella C. Berkey. Miss Embody was married to Robert P. Daylor. Bands by the dozen played for hours at the Embody domicile and helped complete the bliss of the two couples.

David Keller, aged twenty-one, applied for enlistment in the navy at the United States naval recruiting station, Evansville, Ind., and was rejected because of his weight. Recruiting officer Muelchi told the young man to go home and dance the tango a few weeks, or until he had reduced his weight, and then to come back and he would take him into the navy. Muelchi says that tango dancing is the greatest flesh reducer in the world, as he has tried it. Keller returned to his home in Poseyville, and says he is going to dance the tango with every girl in that town.

At Nome, Alaska, Feb. 16, G. Kassen, with Miss Rowena Lewis, riding on his dog sled, won the Moose Burden handicap dog race from Nome to Solomon, a distance of thirty-two miles over the snow trail. Official time was two hours and forty-one minutes. There were twenty-four contestants. A total of 270 dogs participated in the race, the teams ranging from seven to sixteen animals. Kassen drove nine. Besides a loving cup given to the winner, twenty prizes were distributed among the other contestants. The weather was clear and the temperature was steady at 20 below zero.

Miss Louise Lee of Agricultural College, Purvis, Miss., is in a dangerous condition as the result of a hazing by three other girl students. Doctors say she has not an even chance to recover. The hazing story was told the other day and an investigation was started by State authorities. Whether the hazers have been or will be suspended is not known. The other Sunday night, seated in her room, Miss Lee was startled by a rattling and knocking at the window. Fearing thieves were trying to enter she started for a friend's room. As she opened her door a "phantom" confronted her. She fainted and it was several hours before she was restored to consciousness.

A correspondent of the Chicago Times makes this timely quotation from a letter written by Gen. Washington to the President of Congress Sept. 15, 1780, found on page 92, Irving's Washington, 4th vol. "Regular troops alone are equal to the exigencies of modern war, as well for defense as offense; and whenever a substitute is attempted it must prove illusory and ruinous. No militia will ever acquire the habits necessary to resist a regular force. The firmness requisite for the real business of fighting is only to be attained by a constant course of discipline and service. I have never yet been a witness to a single instance that can justify a different opinion; and it is most earnestly to be wished that the liberties of America may no longer be intrusted in any material degree to so precarious a dependence."

Two rolls of banknotes, each containing \$5,000, were stolen from the paying teller's cage of the Dime Savings Bank, at De Kalb avenue and Fulton street, in Brooklyn, in business hours the other afternoon. Four well-dressed men, ranging in age from 25 to 35 years, entered the Dime Savings Bank at 2 o'clock, while several depositors were standing near the cage windows and the employees were busy. Though apparently unacquainted with one another, all four men crowded about the paying teller's window, and the youngest asked the assistant teller, who was on duty, some question about a draft, which sent the teller into the cashier's office for advice. A few minutes after that the teller noticed that of three rolls of \$5,000 each that had been on his counter only one was left. On hearing how the four strangers had acted, the Burns men concluded that one of them had fished the bills to the window with a piece of bent wire and that the theft of the third package was prevented only by the return of the assistant paying teller.

In William Le Queux's book on German spies in England, published recently, the author gives a chapter to a speech alleged to have been made by the Kaiser at a secret council meeting in Potsdam in 1908. The Emperor is made to say that with the Zeppelins "Germany over everything" would be triumphant in war and in "the peace which I have been ordered by God to conquer for her." The Kaiser is quoted as saying that the war would be against England and France, Russia being too weak. England would be invaded and Zeppelins would destroy her fleets. According to the book, the Kaiser continued: "The United States, where even now I rule supreme, where almost half the population is either of German birth or of German descent, and where 3,000,000 German voters do my bidding at the presidential election, will next be taught a lesson. German power would be supreme in South America and South Africa, and among other things the German flag would wave over the holy shrines of Jerusalem."



## INTERESTING ARTICLES

### CAMPAIGN TO ABOLISH SING SING.

To abolish Sing Sing, to prevent the building of a huge cellblock at the present prison, and to establish a farm industrial prison in place of Sing Sing in the country, not too far from New York, are the principal features of a State-wide campaign now being conducted by the Prison Association of New York and by members of the Prison Reform Commission and members of the Women's Department of the National Civic Federation. The Prison Association has long maintained that Sing Sing prison is a disgrace to the State of New York. "It never can be satisfactorily made over by any rebuilding of cellblocks," said Dr. O. F. Lewis. "There is not a single modern building in the entire Sing Sing plant except the new powerhouse and perhaps the warden's house. To cause the State to embark on the rebuilding of Sing Sing would be the height of folly and extravagance, in my opinion, and would ultimately cost the State millions. We believe in a farm industrial prison with wide acreage, with as inexpensive buildings as possible, constructed by prison labor, and with a great variety of open-air occupations. The results obtained at Great Meadow prison in our own State have shown us the way."

### CHINESE STORY OF WAR.

We are indebted to L'Echo de Chine, the Shanghai journal which represents French interests in the Far East, for this very lucid account of the causes of the war. It is the work of a young Chinaman "with a limited knowledge of English."

"Now there is a great battle in Europe. This began because the Prince of Austria went to Servia with his wife. One man of Servia killed him. Austria was angry, and so fight Servia. Germany write a letter to Austria, I will help you. Russia write a letter to Servia, I will help you. France did not want to fight, but they got ready their soldiers. Germany write a letter to France. You don't get ready or will I fight you in nine hours. Germany to fight them pass Belgium. Belgium say I am a country. I am not a road, and Belgium write a letter to England about Germany to them. So England help Belgium."

In spite of his limited knowledge of English, he gets home very neatly twice. "You don't get ready or I will fight you in nine hours," crystalizes the mobilization terror of continental nations; and "I am a country. I am not a road," is worthy of the most brilliant of British epigrammists—although the phrase is solid truth, as few epigrams are.

### CARUSO BLACKMAILER KILLED BY ASSASSINS.

Antonio Cincotta, for many years recognized as a Black Hand gang leader in Brooklyn, was shot dead in front of No. 23 Union street, Brooklyn, recently by three young men, who escaped.

Cincotta, who added greatly to his notoriety in 1910 by attempting to blackmail Enrico Caruso, the tenor, was fifty years old. He started his career as a leader in "Little Italy" in a saloon at Columbia and Degraw streets, where the gang met and hatched plots, according to the police. When the police began to worry Cincotta he moved to No. 80 Degraw street. Recently he moved to the Bay Ridge section, but continued to spend most of his time in the Union street district.

With Francisco Riecardi, an actor, Cincotta was walking on Union street, when three men sprang from No. 25 and opened fire. Three bullets entered Cincotta's abdomen and another his left shoulder. As he dropped, the three darted back into No. 25, ran through the house and escaped over a fence.

Messages from Black Handers in various parts of the country were found on the dead man, according to detectives.

Cincotta and Antonio Misiani wrote to Caruso in March, 1910, ordering him to deliver \$15,000 on pain of death. Both men were arrested. Misiani was bailed and disappeared. Cincotta was on bail, awaiting trial.

### GERMANS HAVE 6,000 DOGS.

"There are at present about 6,000 trained dogs helping the Germans on both fronts. In France before the war a good deal of attention had been given to training dogs for ambulance work, but the sentry dog idea was practically ignored. A few officers did their utmost to establish a training branch for this work, but the French War Office gave them no encouragement. It has been found that the absence of such dogs is a distinct lack. Especially has this been so, I hear, at one of the big fortresses during the night attacks delivered by the Germans. The French therefore procured a few trained sentry dogs, and, after these had settled down and had become accustomed to the men, they were found to be of such service in giving warning of the approach of the enemy some time before the sentries are aware of the fact that orders have been given to procure as many dogs suitable for sentry work as can be obtained, and since the use of dogs in this particular region no night attacks of the Germans have been successful.

"It is a pity that the value of these dogs has not been generally recognized by the French and English armies in peace time, as it must not be inferred that any dog (even one that proved itself to be a good ordinary watch dog) will make a good sentry dog. This idea is a common error. These have to be of a special temperament, and have to be carefully selected, in the first place, and then carefully tested and trained. A dog that is of value in guarding things, such as its master's property, or at its kennel, may be useless away from this environment, in the fields, and with some one not its master."



### TRICK MATCHES.

Consist of a Swedish safety box, filled with matches, which will not light. Just the thing to cure the match borrowing habit. Price, 5c., postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



**GLASS PEN.**—Patent glass pen, with nice cap, writes like any ordinary pen; each put up in wooden box. Price, 10c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



### SLICK TRICK PENCIL.

This one is a hummer! It is to all appearances an ordinary, but expensive lead pencil, with nickel trimmings. If your friend wants your pencil for a moment, hand it to him. When he attempts to write with it, the end instantly turns up, and he cannot write a stroke.

Price, 10c., postpaid.

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### WINDOW SMASHERS.



The greatest sensation, just from Paris. A most wonderful effect of a smashing, breaking, falling pane or glass. It will electrify everybody. When you come home, slam the door shut and at the same time throw the discs to the floor. Every pane of glass in the house will at once seem to have been shattered. Price, by mail, postpaid, 35c., a set of six plates.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### POCKET SAVINGS BANK.



A perfect little bank, handsomely nickel plated. Holds just five dollars (50 dimes). It cannot be opened until the bank is full, when it can be readily emptied and relocked, ready to be again refilled. Every parent should see that their children have a small savings bank, as the early habit of saving their dimes is of the greatest importance. Habits formed in early life are seldom forgotten in later years. Price of this little bank, 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

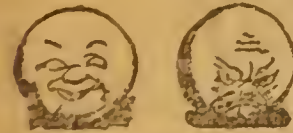
### DUPLEX BICYCLE WHISTLE.



This is a double whistle, producing loud but very rich, harmonious sounds, entirely different from ordinary whistles. It is just the thing for bicyclists or sportsmen, its peculiar double and resonant tones at once attracting attention. It is an imported whistle, handsomely nickel plated, and will be found a very useful and handy pocket companion. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c.; one dozen, 75c., sent by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

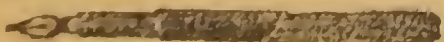
### HOT AIR CARDS



There are 8 cards in a pack. They are nicely printed on good Bristol-board, and contain the funniest literature ever composed, such as "Professor Huggem, hugging and kissing done in the very latest style," a Liar's License, a membership card for the Down and Out Club, and other comical poetry and prose. Every card guaranteed to make the girls giggle, the boys to laugh, and the old folks to roar. If you are looking for fun, get a pack.

Price 10 cents a pack, by mail, post-paid  
WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### NEW TEN-CENT FOUNTAIN PEN.



One of the most peculiar and mystifying pens on the market. It requires no ink. All you have to do is to dip it in water, and it will write for an indefinite period. The secret can only be learned by procuring one, and you can make it a source of both pleasure and amusement by claiming to your friends what it can do and then demonstrating the fact. Moreover, it is a good pen, fit for practical use, and will never leak ink into your pocket, as a defective fountain pen might do.

Price, 10c. each by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### CHINESE RING PUZZLE.



Here is a genuine "corker." The object is to remove the handle from the rings. Made of polished brass and each one in a box. The bar can be taken out and replaced in less than five minutes without bending the rings or bar, when you know how to do the trick. Price by mail, postpaid, 10c.; 3 for 25c.  
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.



### GIANT SAW PUZZLE.

This puzzle contains twenty-one pieces of wood nicely finished; take them apart and put them together same as illustrated. Everybody would like to try it, as it is very fascinating. Price, by mail, postpaid, 25c. each.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### THE MAGNETIC TOP.



A handsome metal, highly magnetized toy. A horseshoe and a spiral wire furnished with each top. When spun next to the wires, they make the most surprising movements. You can make wires of different shapes and get the most peculiar effects. Price, 5c., postpaid.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

### COMICAL FUNNY FACES.

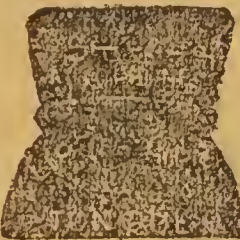


This genuine laugh producer is made of nicely colored cardboard. A sharp, bent hook is at the back to attach it to the lapel of your coat. Hide one hand under the lapel and twitch the small, black thread. It will cause a red tongue to dart in and out of the mouth in the most comical manner imaginable at the word of command. It is very mystifying, and never fails to produce a hearty laugh.

Price, 6c. each by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### THE AUTOPHONE.



A small musical instrument that produces very sweet musical notes by placing it between the lips with the tongue over the edge, and blowing gently into the instrument. The notes produced are not unlike those of the flue and flute. We send full printed instructions whereby anyone can play anything they can hum, whistle or sing, with very little practice. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.

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### SURPRISE KINEMATOGRAPH.



The greatest hit of the season! It consists of a small metal, nicked tube, with a lens eye view, which shows a pretty ballet girl in tights. Hand it to a friend, who will be delighted with the first picture; tell him to turn the screw in center of instrument to change the views, when a stream of water squirts into his face, much to his disgust. Anyone who has not seen this kinematograph in operation is sure to be caught every time. The instrument can be refilled with water in an instant, ready for the next customer. Price 25c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### FINGER MOUSE.



We need hardly tell you about this great novelty. It has proven one of the greatest sellers ever put on the market. The men on the street have sold nearly a million, and every day the demand for them is growing. The head is like a mouse in every respect. The "body" is also like a mouse but is hollow, allowing the index finger to slip into it. While you are sitting at the dinner table, one of your friends who is "in on the trick" says she just saw a mouse and a moment or two after the head of the mouse is seen to creep up over the edge of the table. Can you imagine the surprise and consternation? There are a thousand other stunts you can play with this mouse, such as slipping it out of your sleeve, your pockets, etc. This trick is very popular with the ladies. Price by mail, 10c.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.



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A complete set of five grotesque little people made of indestructible rubber mounted on black walnut blocks. The figures consist of Policeman, Chinaman, and other laughable figures as shown in pictures. As each figure is mounted on a separate block, any boy can set up a regular parade or circus by printing the figures in different positions. With each set of figures we send a bottle of colored ink, an ink pad and full instructions. Children can stamp these pictures on their toys, picture books, writing paper and envelopes, and they are without doubt the most amusing and entertaining novelty gotten up in years. Price of the complete set of Rubber Stamps, with ink and ink pad, only 10c., 3 sets for 25c., one dozen 90c., by mail postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### GREAT PANEL TRICK.



This remarkable illusion consists of a simple, plain wooden panel, octagonal in shape, with no signs of a trick about it. The panel can be examined by any one; you then ask for a penny or silver coin and place it on the center of the panel; then at the word of command the coin immediately disappears. You do not change the position of the panel at any time, but hold it in full view of the audience all the time. The coin does not pass into the performer's hand, nor into his sleeve; neither does it drop upon the floor. The second illusion is as wonderful as the first; at the word of command the coin again appears upon the center of the panel as mysteriously as it went. We send full printed instructions by the aid of which any one can perform the trick, to the astonishment and delight of their friends. Price, 15c., 2 for 25c., by mail postpaid.

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#### THE MAGIC NAIL.



A common nail is given for examination, and then instantly shown pierced through the finger; and yet, when taken out, the finger is found to be perfectly uninjured, and the nail is again given to be examined. Nicely finished.

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#### THE FINGER THROUGH THE HAT.



Having borrowed a hat from your friend, push your finger through the crown of it, and it is seen to move about. Though very amusing to others, the owner of the hat does not see the joke, but thinks it means to destroy his hat; yet when it is returned it is perfectly uninjured. Price, 10c. each by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 39 W. 26th St., N. Y.

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Fool Your Friends. —The greatest novelty of the age! Have a joke which makes everybody laugh. More fun than any other novelty that has been shown in years. Place it on a desk, tablecloth, or any piece of furniture, as shown in the above cut, near some valuable papers, or on fine wearing apparel. Watch the result! Oh, Gee! Price, 15c. each, postpaid.

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Something new for the boys. A top you can spin without a string. This is a decided novelty. It is of large size, made of brass, and has a heavy balance rim. The shank contains a powerful spring and has an outer casing. The top of the shank has a milled edge for winding it up. When wound, you merely lift the outer casing, and the top spins at such a rapid speed that the balance rim keeps it going a long time. Without doubt the handsomest and best top on the market.

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#### DELUSION TRICK.



A magic little box in three parts that is very mystifying to those not in the trick. A coin placed on a piece of paper disappears by dropping a nickel ring around it from the magic box. Made of hard wood two inches in diameter. Price, 12c.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

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Just out, and one of the most fascinating puzzles on the market. The stunt is to separate the antlers and rejoin them. It looks easy, but try it and you will admit that it is without exception the best puzzle you have ever seen. You can't leave it alone. Made of silvered metal. Price, 12c.; 3 for 30c., sent by mail, postpaid.

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Also known as a Japanese butterfly. A pleasing novelty enclosed in an envelope. When the envelope is opened FIFEL will fly out through the air for several yards. Made of colored paper to represent a butterfly six inches wide.

Price, 10c.  
WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

#### DEAD SHOT SQUIRT PISTOL.



If you shoot a man with this "gun" he will be too mad to accept the ancient excuse—"I didn't know it was loaded." It loads easily with a full charge of water, and taking aim, press the rubber bulb at the butt of the Pistol, when a small stream of water is squirted into his face. The best thing to do then is to pocket your gun and run. There are "loads of fun" in this wicked little joker, which looks like a real revolver, trigger, cock, chambers, barrel and all. Price only 7c.; 4 for 25c.; one dozen 60c. by mail postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

#### THE JOKER'S CIGAR.



The biggest sell of the season. A real cigar made of tobacco, but secreted in the center of cigar about one-half inch from end is a fountain of sparklets. The moment the fire reaches this fountain hundreds of sparks of fire burst forth in every direction, to the astonishment of the smoker. The fire is stage fire, and will not burn the skin or clothing. After the fireworks the victim can continue smoking the cigar to the end. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c.; 1 dozen, 90c., mailed, post-paid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

#### THE FLUTOPHONE.



A new musical instrument, producing the sweetest dulcet tones of the flute. The upper part of the instrument is placed in the mouth, the lips covering the openings in the centre. Then by blowing gently upon it you can play any tune desired as easily as whistling. But little practice is required to become a finished player. It is made entirely of metal, and will last a lifetime. We will send full instructions with each instrument.

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The best joke out. You can have more fun than a circus, with one of these novelties.. All you have to do is to place one on a chair seat (hidden under a cushion, if possible). Then tell your friend to sit down. An unearthly shriek from the little round drum will send your victim up in the air, the most puzzled and astonished mortal on earth. Don't miss getting one of these genuine laugh producers. Perfectly harmless, and never misses doing its work.

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